

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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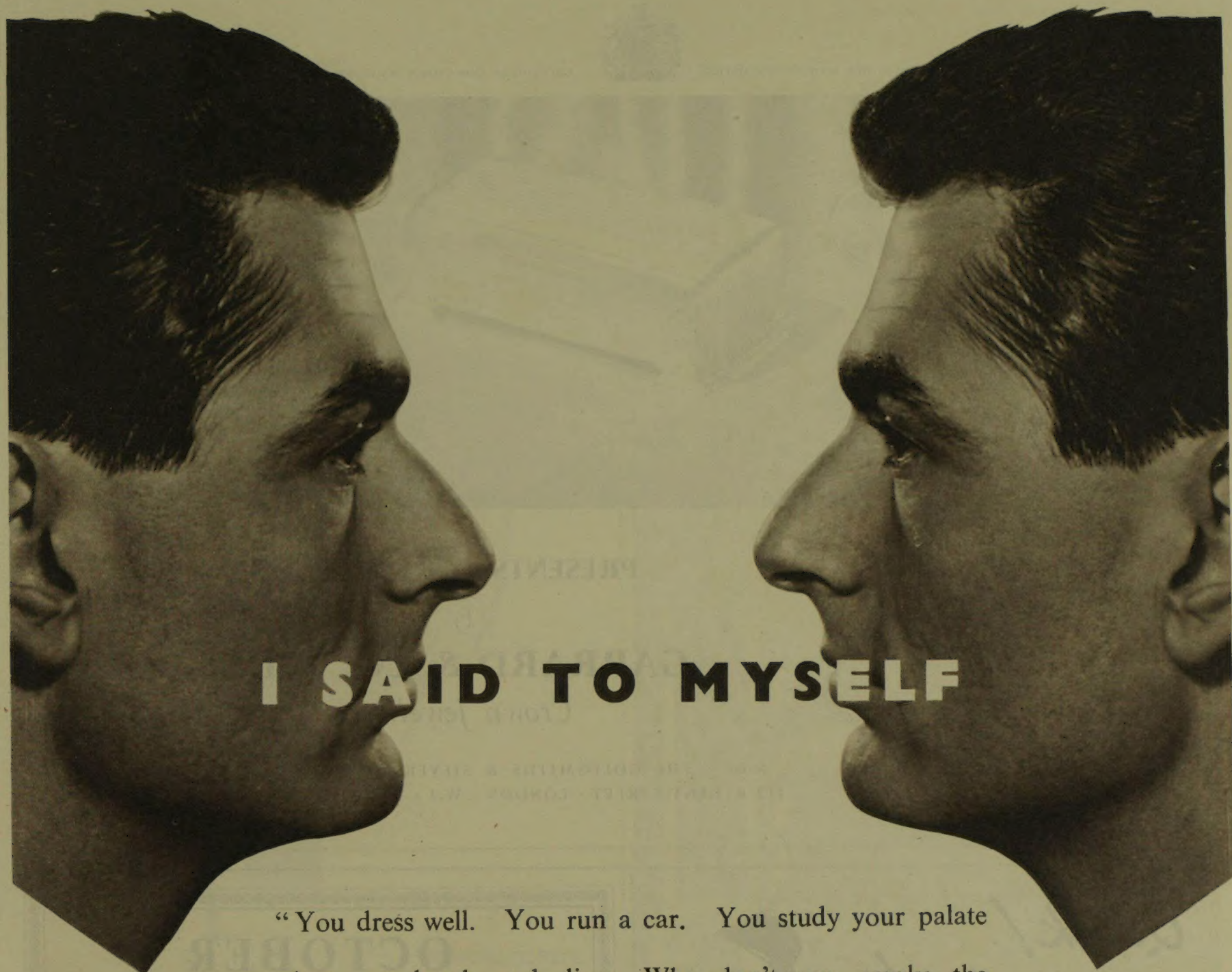
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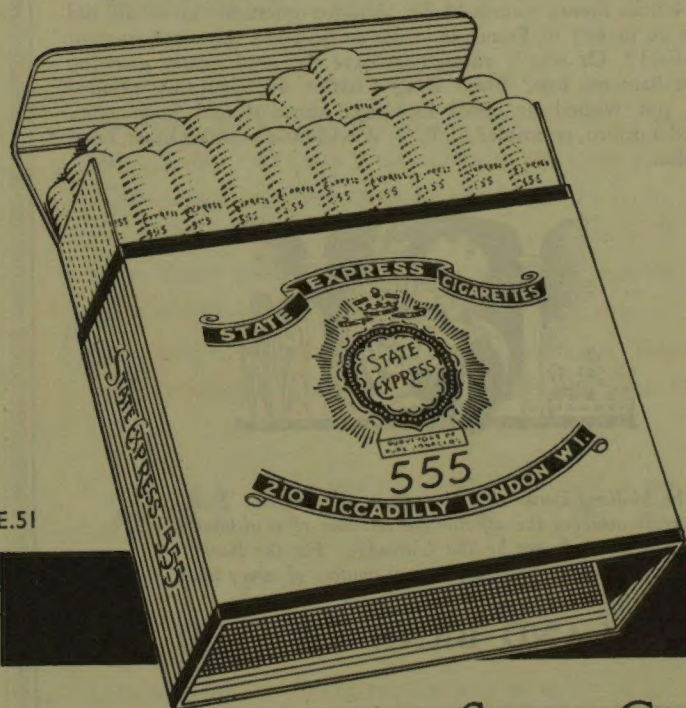


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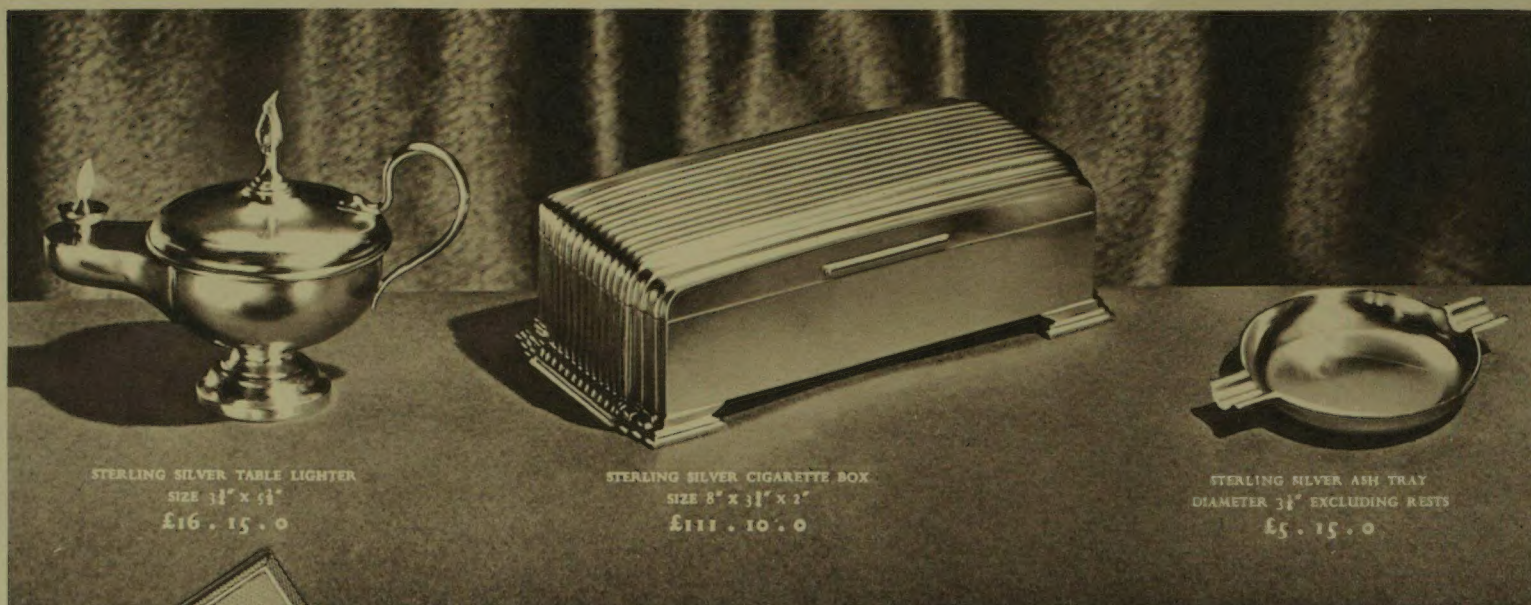
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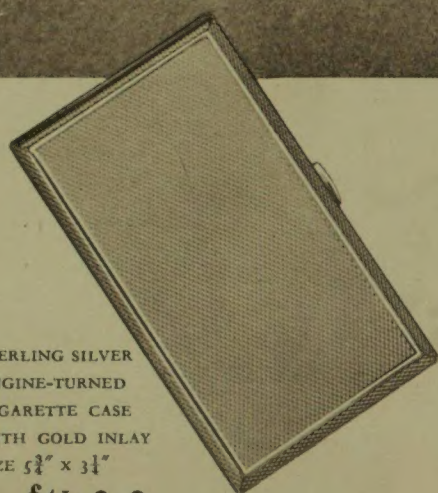
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in 1 oz. & 2 oz.  
tins

## OCTOBER

## DON'T LOOK NOW

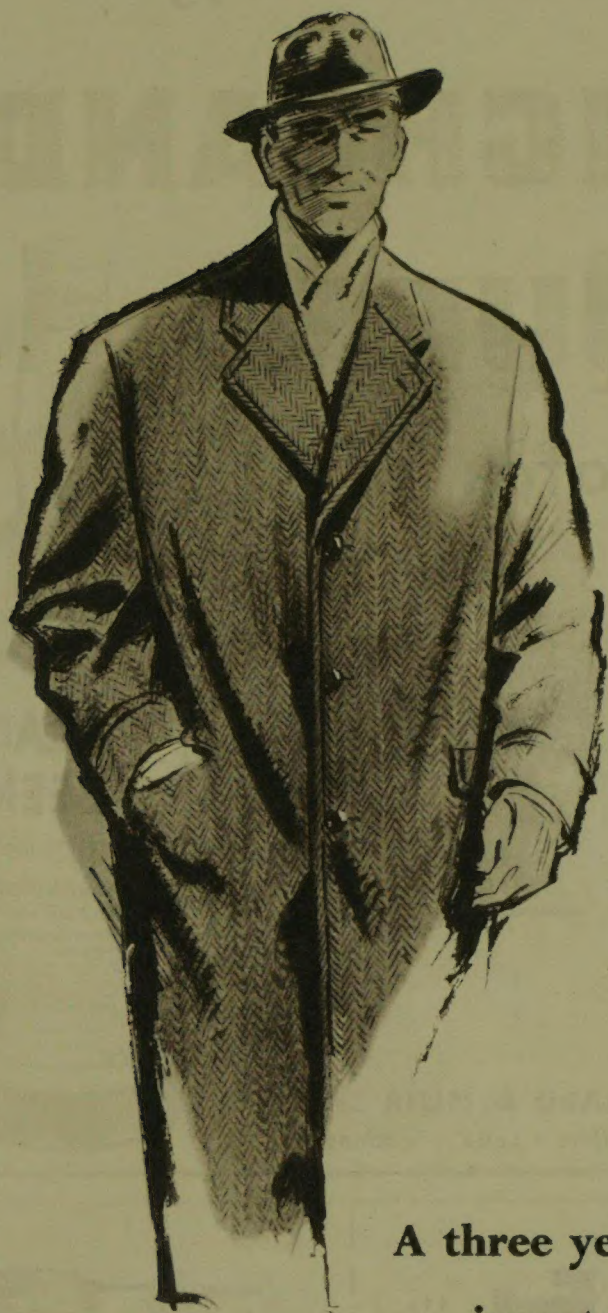
In October 877, by all accounts, the usual French cry of 'Le Roi Est Mort' was changed to 'Le Roi Chauve Est Mort'. On the 8th day of that month, died a King of France known to history as Charles the Bald. It is interesting to wonder how nicknames for kings developed currency enough to survive. Did the kings know about their nicknames? Did anybody call Ethelred 'Unready' to his face? Julius Caesar's troops used a friendly, if scandalous, two-word description of their favourite commander; and one of those two words meant 'bald'. The Duke of Wellington's troops referred to him as 'Nosey'. Who, if anyone, called King Charles of France 'The Bald' in his hearing? And was it then to laugh at him, or to distinguish him in a gathering of kings all called Charles? Neither theory sounds likely. Another question: how bald did you have to be in 877 in France in order to be given the word in your title? Egg-bald? Or was it enough to have the head gently growing through the hair on top? Poor King Charles. He probably minded being bald, and wished he could look like those storied kings who, unshaven and unshorn, resembled, in P. G. Wodehouse's noble phrase, burst horsehair sofas.



The Midland Bank is in no position to comment! But if ever it achieves the affectionate accolade of a nickname, it will certainly not be 'the Unready'. For the Bank is always ready to help in financial matters of every kind.

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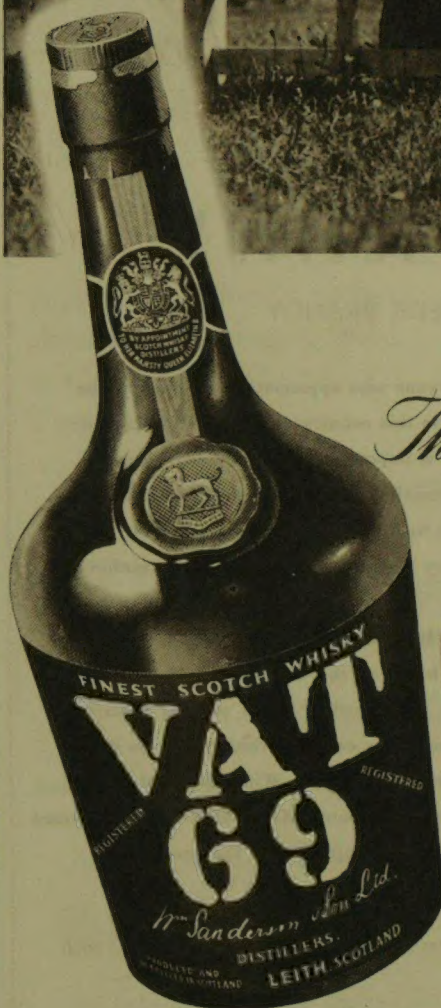
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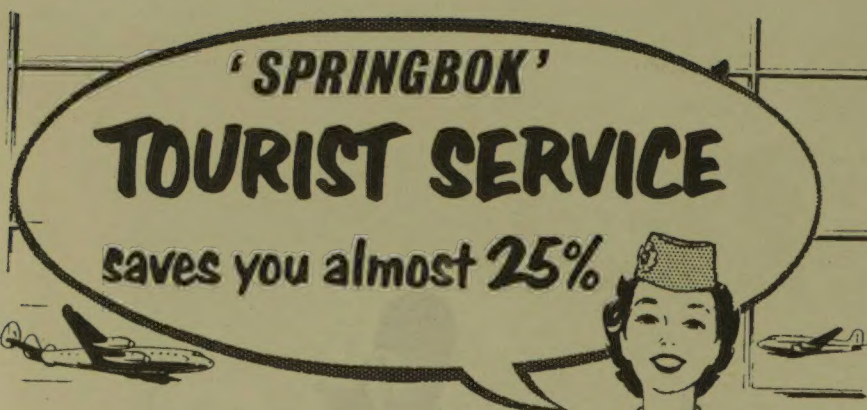
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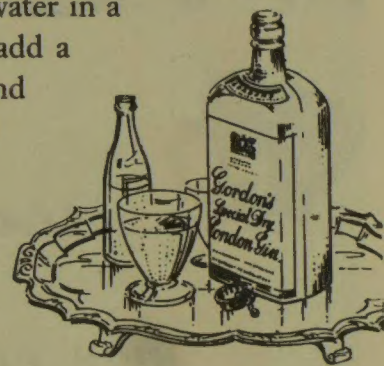
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the  
Gin...**

**... FOR  
A PERFECT  
GIN AND TONIC**



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KING GEORGE VI

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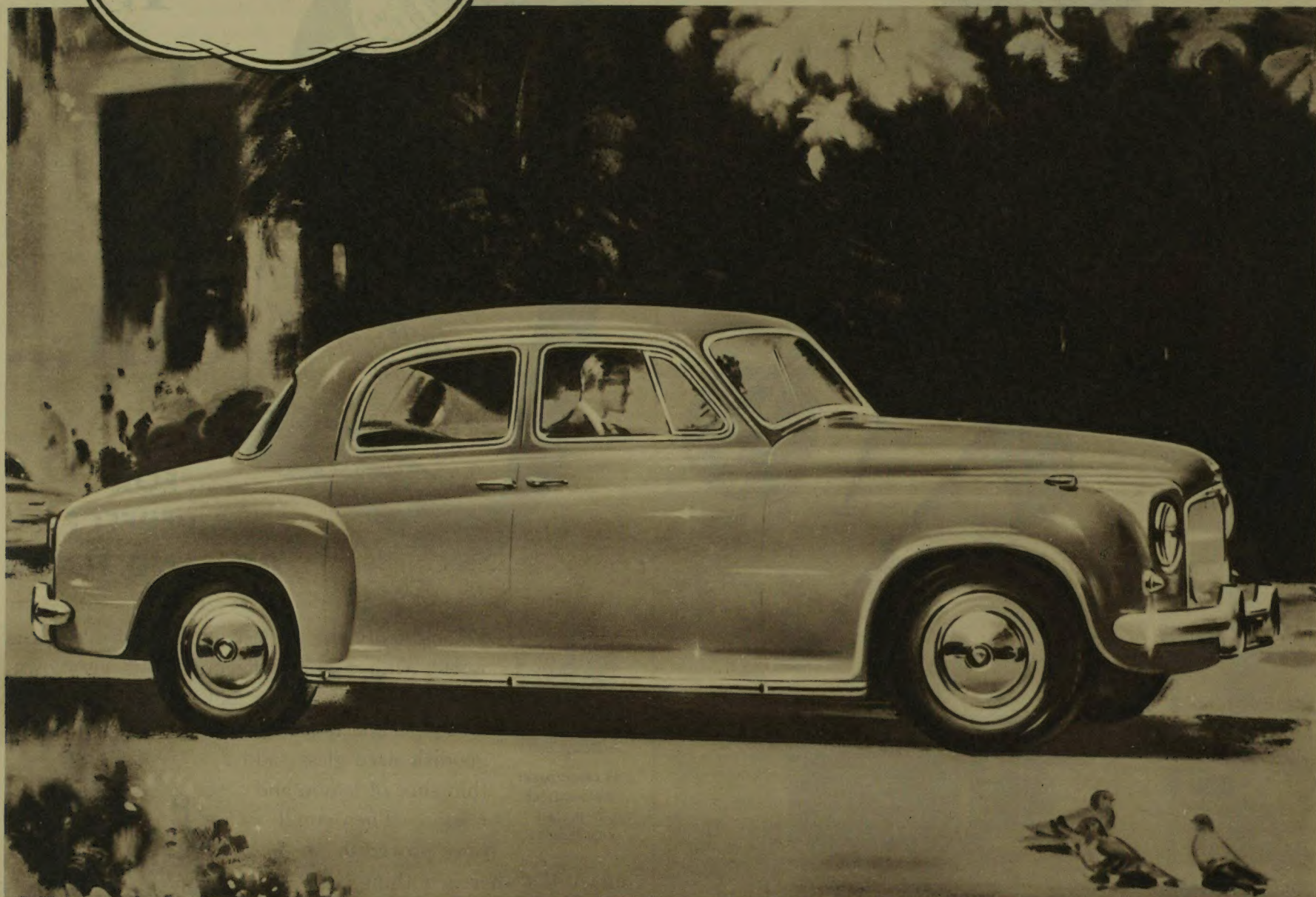
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New high performance specification and new power-braking for the 90. Greater comfort in all three models — the 60, 75 and 90.



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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1955.



**THE WORLD'S FASTEST WOMAN MILER: MISS DIANE LEATHER BEATING HER OWN BEST TIME—AND THAT OF ALL OTHERS—  
TO WIN THE MILE IN 4 MIN. 45 SEC. AT THE WHITE CITY ON SEPTEMBER 21.**

In an athletics meeting at the White City on September 21, in which representatives from the U.S. and seven Continental countries also competed, Miss Diane Leather, of Birchfield Harriers, won the women's mile by some 100 yards in 4 min. 45 sec. The International Federation do not recognise this distance in women's athletic events, but Miss Leather's time is likely to remain the best for this distance for

some time. While making it she beat her own previous best time by 5·8 secs., despite the fact that she took the lead at 600 yards and after that was running alone and without any challenger. As a runner Miss Leather is always a pleasure to watch and she finished without a trace of flagging, breathing easily and quite undistressed.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A FORTNIGHT ago there appeared in a popular daily newspaper a series of articles by a New Zealand teacher on his experiences while teaching in five separate London secondary modern schools. In them he drew attention to what, if true, can only be regarded as a most disquieting state of affairs—one, in which, he claimed, "the tradition of respect for the teacher and all that he represents has broken down."\* His charges have been indignantly repudiated by the Leader of the London County Council, and I am not in a position to judge whether the distressing picture which he paints of the schools in which he taught is in any way typical of London or English secondary modern schools generally. I can only say that it is entirely different from that which I formed of the North London secondary school in which I taught myself, thirty-five years ago, and of whose staff I was so proud to be a member. The discipline in that fine L.C.C. school, the standard of teaching, the general respect for both authority and things of the mind—saving the inherent distrust of English boyhood for pure intellectualism—were in no way inferior to those that prevailed in the famous public school where I had received my own education a few years earlier.

Yet, though it is unfair to compare a secondary modern school of to-day with a secondary school of grammar-scholar level immediately after the First War, and though the criticisms levelled against the former may very well have been drawn from exceptional cases—as I hope they were—I have an uneasy feeling, based on what I have seen of the products of our schools in the past few years, that there is something seriously lacking in our educational system—something whose absence could well vitiate nearly all that is good in it. That which is lacking, unless my power of observation is at fault, is a sense of moral purpose. The supreme object of education, it seems to me, should be to make a child realise, in some way or other, his or her part and purpose in the vast, bewildering drama of human existence. For that child has been born with the power of decision: the power to decide at every moment of his or her life the actions which will surely and inevitably shape that life. That power of decision has to be exercised in a world over which the child has no other control and over which he will continue to have virtually no control even if he grows up to be a dictator or a millionaire. We are creatures placed on an earth governed by mighty external forces which we cannot resist: time and death, for instance, are two of them which have us as irresistibly in their power as a floating feather is in that of an Atlantic storm. And yet, born into such a world, we have throughout every conscious moment of our existence that mysterious, inexplicable freedom of choice: of choosing, in great and small affairs alike, between courage and cowardice, love and hate, effort and sloth, self-control and self-indulgence, endurance and surrender. And as we chose at one moment, so will our choice at another be rendered easier or more difficult. Nor does it seem easy to avoid the conclusion that this business of personal choice by the individual is the only rational explanation—the only one, that is, that can satisfy our fallible, limited reason—of the purpose of our existence. Otherwise our tale is one "told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Self-mastery, for each of the countless millions of souls passing through the world, is, so far as we can judge, the only explanation of the supreme mystery of all—that of personal consciousness. One knows that it matters to oneself: it must, therefore, presumably matter to every other self. The world, the whole universe for all we can tell, is, in Keats's words, "a vale of soul-making." We are each of us here for a brief while, blessed or cursed, as we use it, with the creative capacity—the will or freedom of personal decision—to manufacture our own individual soul and character. For what end we do not know, but in ourselves we experience, and with every year more fully, the extent of our success or, far more often, failure. At the end of life we are left

with nothing else but what we have made of ourselves by the exercise, for good or bad, of that power of decision. We make our own bed and lie on it.

To help a child to realise this, therefore, seems to me the supreme purpose of education. All the other things we teach him, knowledge of facts, culture, technology, accomplishments, rightly considered are merely means to help him in life to achieve this great end of ruling and shaping himself—the only real freedom the world offers. A child, of course, can only be taught to realise this little by little; he has to learn by experience far more than by precept. But to be shown, in little things as later in great things, that he has the power of decision over his inner self and that on the exercise of that power, now and hereafter, in ever growing measure his happiness in this world—and many of us believe in another—will depend; this is surely by

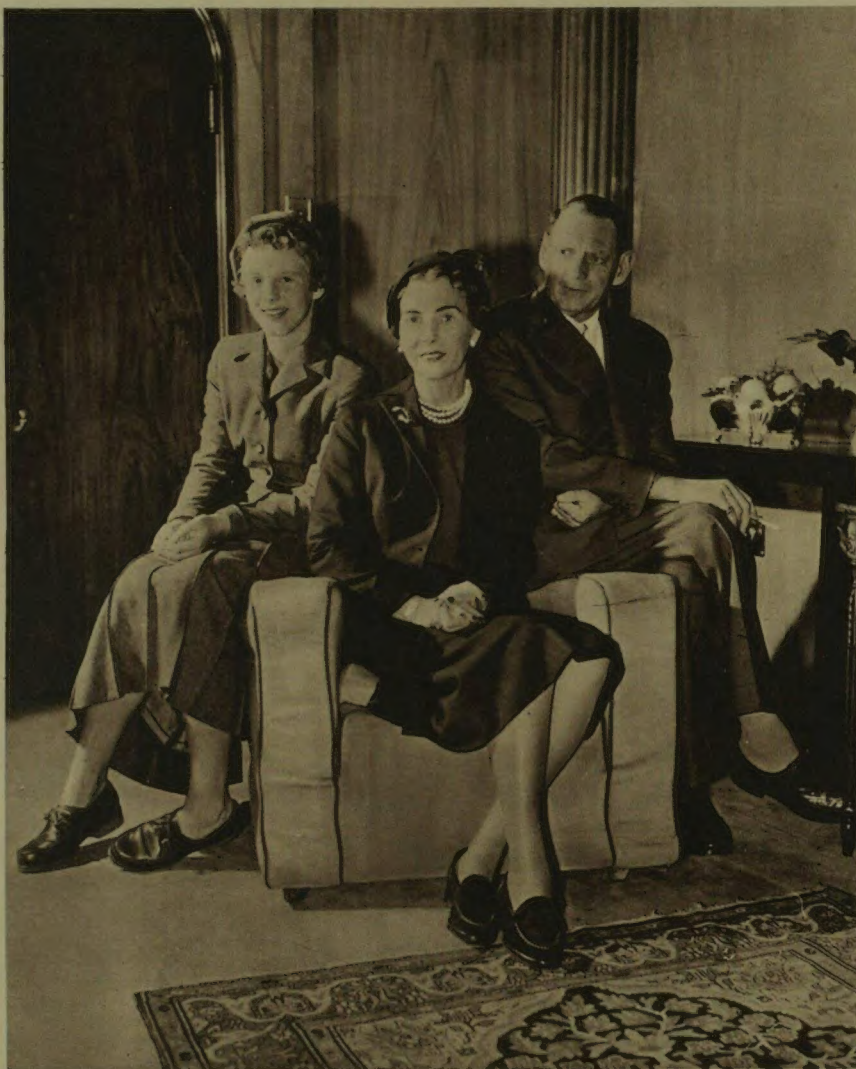
far the most important lesson anyone, parent or master, can teach a child. To fail to do so is like launching a boat on an ocean of storms without a rudder.

For this reason I believe education without religion to be a contradiction in terms. It can serve no real purpose whatever. When Wellington, a realist if ever there was one, remarked that the only effect of educating children in literature, mathematics and science without religion would be to manufacture so many clever devils, it was of this that he was thinking. The trouble with the world to-day is that this is what for a long time we have been tending, often out of the highest motives, to do. In our own and other countries countless boys and girls are being allowed to grow up without being given any clue as to what they can do with their lives and how utterly dependent those lives are going to be on the exercise of their own powers of decision. To make a child realise from the start, and in everything that he does, that he possesses this power seems to me so fundamental that to fail in the duty of teaching it appears as great a cruelty and deprivation as to deny a child food, shelter and clothing. The purposelessness, the idleness and the general sense of drift of the average adolescent and young adult of to-day is a terrible indictment of our national educational system. Technically, it is a system with many splendid qualities; it is capable of being made the finest educational system the world has ever seen. Under a great teacher, a great headmaster or a great headmistress, it is sometimes so already. But, taken as a whole, it lacks the purpose, the sense of spiritual power, which can alone make education a reality. Our children are being taught, but they are not being educated. They are being shown how to do intellectual and technical tricks, just as performing seals are taught to balance objects on their noses. But the knowledge is useless to them. No wonder that so many of them try, and successfully, to forget it as soon as they are released from school.

The old religious teaching of the past, like the social system it informed

and inspired, is popularly regarded to-day, and has long been so regarded, as outmoded. Our grandparents and parents in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, in their fear of teaching what they felt might be viewed by others as false religion, evolved a national educational system that eschewed religion altogether. If we want to avoid the breakdown of our society, we have now got to restore religion—using the word in its broadest sense—to its proper place at the root of our teaching curriculum. Unless we do we shall see our so-called liberal and Christian society break down through a universal listlessness and lack of personal drive and endeavour. The Communists do not make the mistake of supposing that a good Communist can be made without a clear and fixed belief in his purpose in life. We who believe in the freedom of the individual, in the freedom, that is, of individual moral choice, have got to teach our faith as the Communists teach theirs. We have got to put back into the classroom and the text-book the words that move men and nations and make them great—faith, love, duty, sacrifice, endeavour. Only when we have done so shall we see results that justify what we are rightly spending on our educational system.

#### THE DANISH ROYAL FAMILY IN LONDON.



DURING THEIR PRIVATE VISIT TO BRITAIN, WHERE PRINCESS MARGRETHE IS TO SPEND A YEAR AT A BOARDING SCHOOL: KING FREDERIK AND QUEEN INGRID OF DENMARK WITH THEIR ELDEST DAUGHTER, PRINCESS MARGRETHE, IN THEIR LONDON HOTEL.

King Frederik and Queen Ingrid of Denmark, with their eldest daughter, Princess Margrethe, arrived in London on September 18 for a week's private visit to Britain. Princess Margrethe, who is fifteen and is heir presumptive to the Danish throne, is to study for a year in England at North Foreland Lodge, a girls' boarding school near Basingstoke, in Hampshire. During their visit the King and Queen and their daughter attended the annual dinner of the Anglo-Danish Society in London which was held at the May Fair Hotel on September 21. King Frederik IX. succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, King Christian X., in 1947. He married Princess Ingrid of Sweden in 1935 and they have three daughters: Princess Margrethe, born in 1940, Princess Benedikte, born in 1944, and Princess Anne-Marie, born in 1946.



# ASPECTS OF ENGLAND: A NEW PORTRAIT OF SIR WINSTON, AND OTHER HOME NEWS.



PROGRESS IN THE BUILDING OF MAYFLOWER II.: THE TALL TIMBER OF THE STEM RISING TO THE ROOF IN A BRIXHAM SHIPYARD. As reported in our issue of August 6, a reproduction of the original *Mayflower*, in which the Pilgrim Fathers sailed to America, is being built at Brixham, to plans by Mr. William Baker. *Mayflower II.* is scheduled for launching in February next in time for her voyage to America in June.



A FIRE IN A CHEMICAL REFUSE TIP WHICH WAS STARTED ACCIDENTALLY BY THREE BOYS AND WHICH CAUSED THE DESTRUCTION OF FOUR HOUSES: THE OUTBREAK AT BRADLEY, HUDDERSFIELD, WHICH WAS FOUGHT BY 200 FIREMEN FROM TEN BRIGADES.



"A LITTLE SOUVENIR" IN SILVER GIVEN BY SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL TO HIS PERSONAL STAFF AT NO. 10, DOWNING ST., DURING HIS PEACETIME PREMIERSHIP.



NOW ACQUIRED FOR THE NATIONAL TRUST: HOLMWOOD COMMON, NEAR DORKING, ONE OF THE LARGEST COMMONS IN SURREY. It was announced on September 20 that Lord De La Warr, as chairman of the National Trust Estates, had received the deeds of Holmwood Common, an area of some 630 acres south of Dorking. The common was bought from the Duke of Norfolk for £5000 by the Surrey County Council, the Dorking U.D.C. and the Dorking and Horley R.D.C., who have thus secured its permanent preservation.



TO HANG IN THE DUTCH PARLIAMENT: A NEW PORTRAIT OF SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, WITH THE ARTIST, MR. MAX NAUTA. This portrait of Sir Winston, which is being exhibited to the public for a fortnight from September 26 at the Matthiesen Gallery, New Bond Street, will be the first portrait of a foreign statesman to hang in the Lower House of the Dutch Parliament. A study for the portrait appeared in our issue of Sept. 10.



APPROACHING COMPLETION: THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW INNER TEMPLE HALL, WHICH REPLACES THE VICTORIAN BUILDING WHICH WAS BUILT IN 1870 AND DESTROYED BY BOMBS IN 1941. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE WEST SCREEN AND CANDELABRA IN THE FLEMISH STYLE.



## THE OVERTHROW OF ARGENTINA'S DICTATOR: WHICH LED TO THE INSTALLATION

## SCENES BEFORE, DURING AND AFTER THE REVOLT OF A NEW PRESIDENT AND GOVERNMENT.



URING THE REVOLT, AN A.A. GUN POINTING SKYWARDS NEAR THE ENTRANCE OF THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING IN BUENOS AIRES. (Radio photograph.)



IN BUENOS AIRES ON SEPTEMBER 22: THREE SUPPORTERS OF THE REVOLUTION FORCIBLY SUPPRESSING A PERONISTA DURING ONE OF SEVERAL ANGRY STREET FIGHTS.



THE PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT OF ARGENTINA: GENERAL EDUARDO A. LONARDI, WHO WAS SWORN-IN ON SEPTEMBER 23.



DEFACING PORTRAITS OF EX-PRESIDENT PERÓN AND HIS LATE WIFE: MEN CLIMBING THE GRILL ON THE WOMEN'S PERONISTA PARTY OFFICE IN BUENOS AIRES. (Radio photograph.)



MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF BUENOS AIRES ON SEPTEMBER 22: STUDENTS SHOUTING "LONG LIVE THE REVOLUTION" AND SINGING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.



AFTER GENERAL LONARDI TOOK THE OATH OF OFFICE: PART OF THE HUGE CROWD WHICH THROGGED THE PLAZA DE MAYO ON SEPTEMBER 23 TO ACCLAIM THE NEW PRESIDENT. (Radio photograph.)



ONE OF THE LAST PHOTOGRAPHS FROM ARGENTINA BEFORE THE REBELLION: EX-PRESIDENT PERÓN ADDRESSING A GROUP OF GOVERNMENT LEADERS IN BUENOS AIRES. (Radio photograph.)



LANDING DEAD AND WOUNDED AT MONTEVIDEO ON SEPTEMBER 18: THE ARGENTINE DESTROYER CERTANES WHICH SUPPORTED THE ANTI-PERÓN REVOLT WITH TWENTY OTHER SHIPS. (Radio photograph.)



LOWERING A WOUNDED MEMBER OF THE CREW OF THE CERTANES TO THE PIER AT MONTEVIDEO. THE DESTROYER HAD BEEN ENGAGED IN A BATTLE WITH PERONISTA AIRCRAFT. (Radio photograph.)



SHELLED TO RUBBLE: THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE NATIONALIST ALLIANCE, GENERAL PERÓN'S ORGANISATION OF STORM TROOPS, IN BUENOS AIRES. MANY MEMBERS OF THE ORGANISATION DIED IN THIS BUILDING.



FIRING ON REBEL POSITIONS: PERONISTA TROOPS AT THE NAVAL BASE OF RIO SANTIAGO, FORTY MILES FROM BUENOS AIRES.

Warning spectators: a demonstrator about to hurl a portrait of ex-President Peron from the balcony of the La Prensa newspaper building. (Radio photograph.)

conduct. On the following day the gunboat steamed away, presumably carrying the ex-President on the first part of his trip to exile in Paraguay. On September 23 there were scenes of wild enthusiasm when General Eduardo Lonardi, leader of the forces of liberation, was formally handed over power by the Buenos Aires military junta and was sworn-in as provisional President of Argentina. In his first speech as President, General Lonardi, who was placed on the retired list after being implicated

in the first armed rising against General Peron in September 1951, outlined his programme, the main points of which were peace with the Roman Catholic Church, freedom of the Press, economy in financial expenditure, freedom of workers' unions, freedom of speech and right of assembly. While the crowds were still celebrating in Buenos Aires, clashes were taking place in the suburbs between Government forces and Peronista rioters. The gravest incidents were reported, however, from

Rosario, Argentina's second largest city, where more than fifty lives were said to have been lost in street battles between a column of armed Peronista trade-unionists and Army and security forces with tanks and armoured cars. At the time of writing, reports from Argentina indicate that the whole of the country appears calm again. On September 25 it was announced that Britain had decided to accord recognition to the new Argentine Government: it was the twelfth country to do so.



## PITT'S YEARS OF VICTORY.

"LORD CHATHAM. PITT AND THE SEVEN YEARS WAR"; By O. A. SHERRARD.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THIS book is the second of three volumes about the Elder Pitt, the Great Commoner, who was, amongst all English politicians, the most wisely-instructed in history and geography, the most intelligent about military affairs, and the most imaginative about the future until the arrival of Sir Winston Churchill—who also had a stormy passage, and was ousted from power after he had saved his country.

I have not yet seen Mr. Sherrard's first volume, though I shall now make it my business to do so: Mr. Sherrard is so thorough a researcher, so independent a thinker, and so lively a writer, that any book by him must be interesting. Guessing, I should say that there would be more about Pitt the person in that book than in this. In this book Pitt is dominated by the War—quite inevitably—and page after page goes by without his name being even mentioned. Here and there we catch glimpses of the private man. Once, during a Parliamentary recess, he went to Bath for his health, and Mr. Sherrard quotes from the letters which he exchanged with his wife. "How sweetly," he wrote, "was the new year ushered in to me by the sweetest letter that was ever writ. . . . I have nothing to ask of heaven but the same old year repeated to me." As usual, Pitt's style was the more spacious and rhetorical, Hester's the more detailed and practical. On this occasion her letters were much taken up with houses. There was the one in Upper Brook Street which he was anxious to acquire, and for which she had obtained a first option, at a rent of £100 a year, excluding stables and outdoor offices. It had one serious drawback—the kitchen, with its smell of cooking, was inside the house; it was a pity, but not an insuperable objection; "We must," said Hester, "live without roast beef on Sundays." In 1759, the year which saw the birth of the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon Buonaparte, Hester bore a second son. "As ever in the Pitt family, the babe was welcomed with unfeigned joy, and soon proved a specific against depression. Within a few weeks Hester was writing, 'I cannot help believing that little William is to become a personage.'" Many a mother, doubtless, has had the same feeling about her chubby offspring; but Lady Hester's son became Pitt the Younger, "the pilot who weathered the storm," and who, shortly before he died of overwork, said, in the true tradition of his sire, that England had saved herself by her exertions and would save Europe by her example. These private peeps are few. The War dominates all. And what a War!

I suppose that there are undergraduates to whom this book will be their first extensive introduction to the Seven Years War. Many of them, from childhood, will have heard of Wolfe's scaling of the Heights of Abraham, capture of Quebec, and death at the moment of victory, while his gallant opponent, Montcalm, died in the moment of defeat. Some of them may have heard of the battle of Minden, before engaging in which certain British battalions plucked, and adorned themselves with, roses—as their successors do, on the anniversary, to this day. Kipling, in one of his slangy military ballads, wrote

The men who fought at  
Minden  
They were rookies in their  
time.

When I was a schoolboy, those lines stuck in my mind, aroused my curiosity about that incident in the remarkable year 1759, and came thrillingly back to me, many years later, when I passed the hill of Minden—no great eminence, but I was told, when I was young, that, in a straight line, this

wart on the great European plain was the highest projection between the Cambridge Gog Magogs and the Urals.

But I wonder whether the boys who are now of the age which I, long ago, reached, will be any more engaged by the political complications of the period than I was—and I wonder still more whether they will be interested when they have read about it all

FOR THE FIRST TIME ON RECORD:  
BEE-EATERS BREED IN BRITAIN.

ONE OF THE BEE-EATERS ON A LOOK-OUT POST. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN WITH A TELEPHOTO LENS AT 50 YARDS' RANGE FROM THE PLACE OF OBSERVATION TO WHICH BIRD-WATCHERS WERE ADMITTED.



WHERE "ORNITHOLOGICAL HISTORY HAS BEEN MADE": THE SANDPIT IN SUSSEX IN WHICH BEE-EATERS HAVE BRED THIS SUMMER FOR THE FIRST TIME ON RECORD IN THIS COUNTRY.

The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds described on September 7 the nesting of two pairs of bee-eaters in Sussex this summer and said that "ornithological history has been made." Two nests, which had been surprisingly unnoticed for weeks, were found in Sussex early in August by bird-watchers, and as there was a danger that sightseers would disturb the birds, the Royal Society was called in and kept continuous vigil on the birds and the bird-watchers. The first of four young from one nest left on August 21, and the three from the second nest were away on September 3. Parents and young, and two other adult bee-eaters have now left the breeding site. One of the nests was located in an occupied sand martin colony, the other was apart with no other nests of any sort near it. The society say that the birds' food consisted mainly of bumble bees, butterflies, and dragonflies. Bee-eaters, attractive, brilliantly coloured birds, are rare visitors to this country. In 1920 a pair attempted to nest near Edinburgh, but came to grief. The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds hopes that this year's success may lead to these lovely birds returning next year in greater numbers.

for the fifty-fifth time. There hasn't been much scruple, or knowledge, in international politics in our day; but, in Pitt's day, there was even less scruple and even less knowledge: which is one of the reasons why, after preserving what Empire we already had, and, with wide-sweeping vision, founding the new empire which we have only recently begun to lose, he was "outed" when he had won the

war, and remained out until he died; declaiming against the folly of the war against the exasperated American Rebels. And the folly, unreason, stupid cunning, senseless fears and greed, of the participants in the war makes it one of the dullest to read about.

It has frequently been said that Pitt was the Founder of the British Empire, and that it was during that War that he founded it. No such delusion prevailed in his own day: for we already had an Empire, though the word was seldom used. "When, on the 31st of October, 1761, Sir Thomas Chitty, the Lord Mayor of London, laid the first stone of Blackfriars Bridge in honour of William Pitt, he laid with it an inscription hoping the bridge would remain a monument 'to the man who by the strength of his genius, the steadiness of his mind, and a certain kind of happy contagion of his probity and spirit . . . recovered, augmented and secured the British Empire in Asia, Africa and America, and restored the ancient reputation and influence of his country amongst the nations of Europe.'"

That is all true; but when the War began nobody thought of the augmentation of the British Empire. The War began unofficially before it began officially, as a conflict between English Colonists and French Colonists in North America, each side using barbaric, scalping Red Indians, and each struggling for the control of the fur trade: George Washington, at this time, fought for us as an officer of militia; whether or not he took the oath of allegiance to King George, I know not. In Europe nobody realised that the issue was the control of North America, let alone the domination of the world. When the conflict spread to Europe it was known in this country as "the German War." That, in the mind of George II., is what it was. To the first two Georges Hanover was home, and the protection of Hanover far more important than the protection, or expansion, of the United Kingdom. In a later age a retained Hanover

might have been of advantage to us: a prong against all-devouring Prussia, which in those days our rulers encouraged. But in the time of George II. it was a sheer liability: it was far away, communications were difficult, and any little neighbouring Landgrave might be a danger to it. The result was that when an intelligent Minister asked for ten thousand troops for America, he was informed that a hundred thousand were wanted for Hanover.

When the war ended we had, quite inadvertently, picked up Canada and India: Pitt, conventionally, has been given the credit for this. He deserves it. He may not have foreseen everything which would happen as a result of his resolute fighting, but he never lost heart and nothing ever dismayed him. Like every patriotic English statesman, he had to fight on two fronts; on one was the foreign enemy, on the other the fellow-citizen, jealous or non-comprehending.

The Duke of Newcastle is dominant in these pages. He is one of the most puzzling people in all our history. If Horace Walpole were the only witness about him he would not be credible. "What? Cape Breton an island? Nobody told me that! I'm glad it's an island"—I quote from memory, but that is the sort of remark which is reported from him. It would be a pleasant change were some academic historian

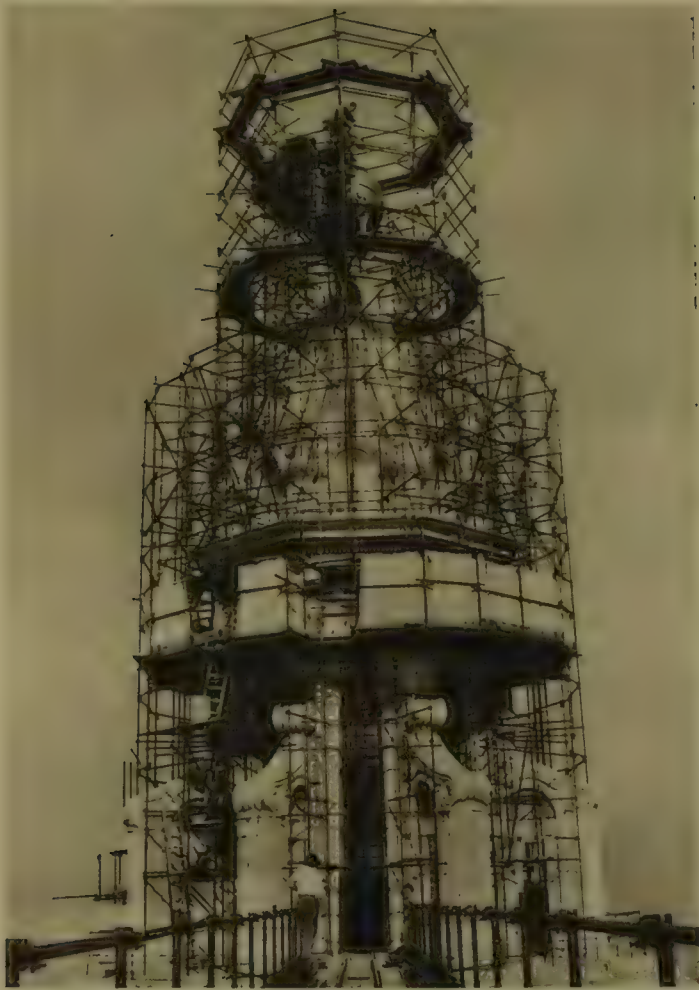
to produce a Life of the Duke of Newcastle, showing him as a human being and explaining his attainment and retention of power, and even his motives. He can't have been a mere automaton.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 584 of this issue.

\* "Lord Chatham. Pitt and the Seven Years War." By O. A. Sherrard. (Bodley Head; 30s.)



## NEWS FROM OTHER LANDS: A RESTORATION, A GIGANTIC CINEMA, AIR CRASHES, AND OTHER ITEMS.



A DELICATE OPERATION ON THE TOP OF THE CATHEDRAL AT FLORENCE: RAISING THE BRONZE BALL, WHICH SUPPORTS THE CROSS, IN ORDER TO REINFORCE THE SOCKET ON WHICH IT RESTS—AN ITEM IN THE CURRENT RESTORATION WORK.



A GIGANTIC CINEMA IN A CASTLE'S COURTYARD: THE SCENE IN THE FORTRESS OF OBERHAUS, NEAR PASSAU, DURING A EUROPEAN FILM FESTIVAL.

The courtyard of the fortress of Oberhaus, on the left bank of the Danube, near Passau, on the German-Austrian frontier, was converted into a temporary cinema for the showing of colour Cinemascope films to an audience of between 30,000 and 40,000. Fifty-four loudspeakers were required, which were sited behind the huge screen stretched across the courtyard and visible in our picture.



AT DOW AIR FORCE BASE, AT BANGOR, MAINE, U.S.A.: FIREMEN BATTLING TO PUT OUT THE BLAZE IN A TANKER AIRCRAFT WHICH CRASHED WHEN LANDING TO REFUEL ON SEPTEMBER 20. SEVERAL AIRMEN WERE INJURED, BUT NONE WERE REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN KILLED.



A B.O.A.C. AIRLINE DISASTER: THE WRECKAGE OF AN ARGONAUT AIRLINER, FLYING FROM LONDON TO LAGOS, WHICH CRASHED NEAR TRIPOLI, KILLING FIFTEEN.

A B.O.A.C. Argonaut airliner, flying from London to Lagos, crashed and burst into flames as it was about to land at Idris Airport, near Tripoli, soon after midnight on September 21. Of the forty-seven passengers and crew, mostly British, fifteen were killed and seventeen injured. It was believed that during bad visibility the airliner hit a row of trees before landing in a vineyard. Wreckage was spread over a wide area. The above photograph shows part of the burnt-out fuselage, including the tail unit.



GUARDING THE SOVIET BASE AT PORKKALA, FINLAND: A RUSSIAN SOLDIER, SHORTLY TO BE EVACUATED UNDER THE RECENTLY-NEGOTIATED RUSSO-FINNISH AGREEMENT. By the agreement signed in Moscow on September 19, the Soviet Union is to evacuate the Porkkala naval base, near Helsinki, within the next three months. The Russian decision followed the visit to Moscow by Finnish Government leaders, during which the Soviet Union and Finland renewed their treaty of friendship.



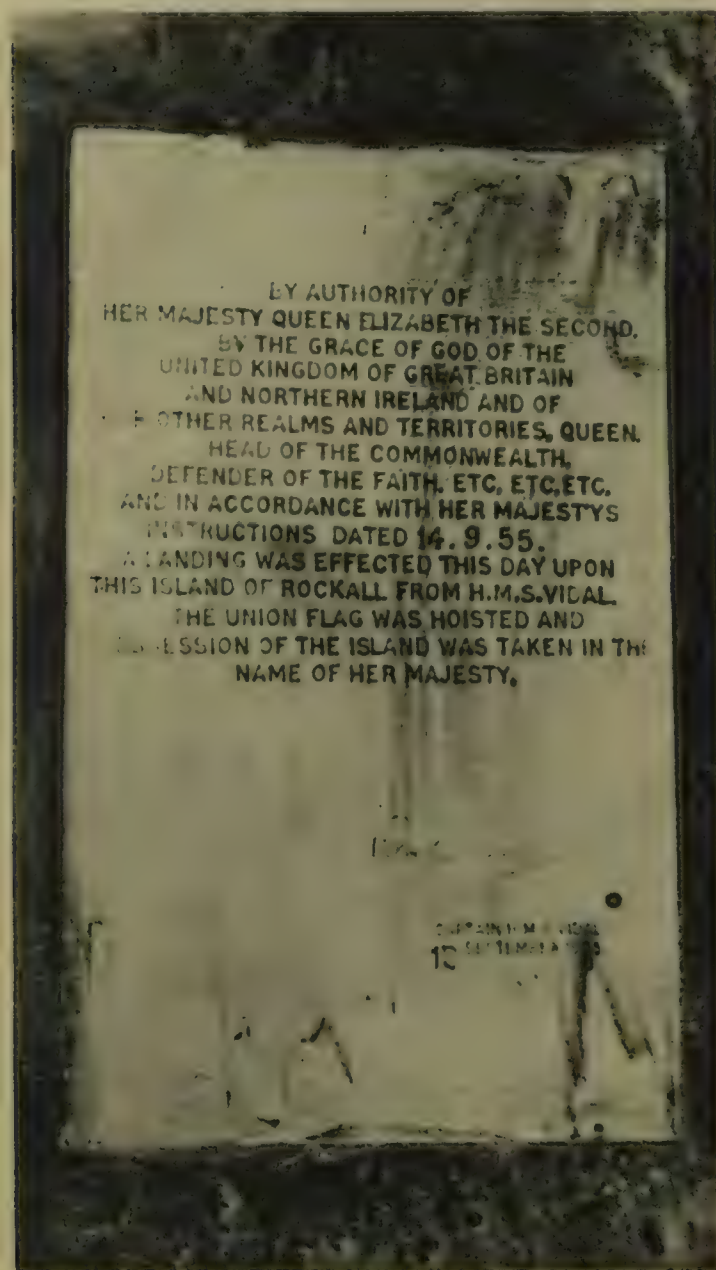
THE WORLD'S LARGEST WARSHIP: THE U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER FORRESTAL LEAVING NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA, AT THE BEGINNING OF HER NAVY ACCEPTANCE TRIALS. To-day, October 1, is the date on which the U.S. aircraft-carrier *Forrestal* (59,650 tons) is due to join the Atlantic Fleet. The huge warship, the largest in the world, began her sea trials at the end of August from her fitting-out basin in Newport News Shipbuilding Yard in Virginia.



## ANNEXED BY HELICOPTER: SCENES OF THE ROCKALL LANDING FROM H.M.S. VIDAL.



CEMENTING THE COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUE TO THE ROCK OF ROCKALL: (L. TO R.) LIEUT.-COMMANDER D. SCOTT, ROYAL NAVY, SERGEANT BRIAN PEEL, A ROYAL MARINE COMMANDO, AND MR. JAMES FISHER, A SCIENTIFIC LIAISON OFFICER, WHO HAD UNSUCCESSFULLY ATTEMPTED TO LAND ON ROCKALL IN 1949.



FOR EVER MARKING THE ATLANTIC ISLET OF ROCKALL AS A BRITISH POSSESSION: A PLAQUE, SIGNED BY THE VIDAL'S COMMANDER, COMMANDER CONNELL, CEMENTED IN THE ROCK BY THE LANDING PARTY.

When H.M.S. *Vidal* annexed the Atlantic islet of Rockall for Britain on September 18, the landing party, put ashore by helicopter, was only the fifth to be recorded. Of the previous four, only one was completely successful. In 1810, the summit of the islet was reached when H.M.S. *Endymion* put men ashore. In 1862, one of the crew of H.M.S. *Porcupine* managed to get a foothold on the rock but was unable to climb it. Thirty-four years later, a scientific expedition sponsored by the Royal Irish Academy failed to land after two attempts. A French ship secured specimens of the rock in 1921, and in 1948 another specimen was broken off by a trawlerman who swam round the islet from a float. It is reported that there were few birds on Rockall when the first man of the 1955 expedition to land



THE FIRST TO LAND ON ROCKALL: ROYAL MARINE SGT. BRIAN PEEL.



HOISTING THE UNION FLAG OVER ROCKALL TO MARK IT AS A BRITISH POSSESSION AND PREVENT FOREIGN OBSERVATION OF THE PROJECTED HEBRIDEAN ROCKET SITE: LIEUT.-COM. D. SCOTT, R.N. (RIGHT), AND CORPORAL A. FRASER, ROYAL MARINES.



THE SHIP THAT ANNEXED AN ISLAND: THE SURVEY SHIP H.M.S. VIDAL (1565 TONS) CARRYING A WESTLAND-SIKORSKI DRAGONFLY HELICOPTER, FROM WHICH THE LANDING-PARTY WERE PUT ASHORE.

—Sergeant Brian Peel, a Royal Marine Commando, an expert cliff-climber—was lowered by the *Vidal's* helicopter on to a ledge of Rockall. He was followed by Mr. James Fisher, a zoologist and ornithologist, who had attempted to land on Rockall privately some years previously, without success. Next to be landed was Lieut.-Commander Scott, R.N. At 10.16 a.m. B.S.T. the Union flag was hoisted, and Lieut.-Commander Scott took formal possession of the islet with the words: "In the name of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II., I hereby take possession of the island of Rockall." A brass plaque recording the annexation was cemented to the rock. Before leaving, the party collected geological, botanical and zoological specimens that may add to our scientific knowledge of Britain's latest possession.





**ANNEXED BY BRITAIN TO PREVENT FOREIGN OBSERVATION OF THE PROJECTED GUIDED MISSILE RANGE IN THE HEBRIDES:  
THE LONELY ATLANTIC ISLET OF ROCKALL, BESET BY REEFS AND INHABITED ONLY BY SEA-BIRDS.**

What must surely be among the last colonial acquisitions of unattached territory was revealed by the Admiralty on September 21, when it announced the formal annexation of Rockall, the 70-ft.-high Atlantic rock some 290 miles west of Scotland. The annexation was carried out by a landing-party from the 1565-ton survey ship, H.M.S. *Vidal*, commanded by Commander R. H. Connell, R.N. Before being claimed for Britain, Rockall had belonged to no nation. It is in a sea area likely to be within the orbit of the projected guided missile range in the Hebrides, and it would have been theoretically possible for a foreign nation to

have used it as an observation post from which Britain's secret missiles could have been appraised. The islet is the highest point of a submarine plateau striking out into the Atlantic, a bank fished by British trawlers for cod, hake, haddock and halibut. The rock is composed of granite-quartz, and surrounded by dangerous reefs. It is inhabited only by sea-birds, chiefly guillemots, but its almost sheer sides offer scant protection to nesting birds and it is thought unlikely that considerable breeding occurs there. Rockall is conspicuously featured in B.B.C. weather forecasts as a meteorological area. (Photograph by Eric Hosking, F.R.P.S., M.B.O.U.)



IT is useless to try to disguise the fact that the Balkan Pact between Greece, Turkey and Yugoslavia is in ruins. A military pact cannot continue to be efficient when all cordiality between the partners has disappeared. This is the case as between Greece and Turkey. With regard to Yugoslavia, the impression has been that the partnership is not quite what it was since the Russian visit to Belgrade, though it has certainly survived. Yugoslavia and Turkey, however, were not in close touch when the pact was formed. It was Greece that created it, drew Turkey and Yugoslavia together, smoothed out difficulties between the two countries when they occurred. Thus the bad feeling between Greece and Turkey adversely affects the pact as a whole. It also affects the solidarity of the North Atlantic Treaty in the eastern Mediterranean, and that is a serious matter.

The Turkish outrages against Greeks and their property (vividly illustrated here in the issue of September 17) dealt a grave blow to Turco-Greek relations. A watchman at the Turkish Consulate at Salonika has been arrested by the Greek police on the charge of exploding a bomb—which only broke some windows—as a signal and excuse for the riots. I am naturally not going to speculate on whether or not the charge is justified. It is, however, fair to say that the attacks were evidently carefully organised and synchronised. The Greek Government has demanded full satisfaction for the victims, whose losses are in sum enormous. It has withdrawn the families of Greek officers from Ismir, the regional N.A.T.O. headquarters. It has even raised the question of the security of these officers themselves. Yet, though this incident infinitely worsened the situation, it had already deteriorated to a considerable extent.

The first cause of trouble was Cyprus. Both Turkish public opinion and that of the Cypriot Turks had already become, within a very short period, embittered by the demands of virtually the whole Greek population of the island—over four-fifths of the total—for *Enosis*, and by the support given to them by the Greek Government and people. The Turkish Government went so far as to claim that, should Cyprus cease to be a British colony, it should revert to Turkey. The only grounds on which such a claim could be advanced are geographical and strategical; we were told the other night on the wireless that Cyprus blockades the port of Alexandretta, which is true in a way, as it is that England blockades the ports of Cherbourg, Havre, and Antwerp. It is no secret that at the recent conference in London Turkish utterances were more forthright in tone than the communiqués indicated.

Since the Istanbul riots an incident of a similar kind, though by comparison on a minute scale, has taken place in Cyprus. This was the riot in Metaxas Square, in Nicosia, where a crowd burnt the British Institute and destroyed the fine library collected for the use of Cypriots. It was a brutal and senseless outrage. It had no likeness to the Istanbul business, but there was one unfortunate point of similarity: in both cases the police were very slow to intervene and troops were not summoned until too late. No one has done as much harm to the Cypriot cause as a section of the Cypriots themselves, and the failure of Archbishop Makarios to condemn, still less to denounce, violence does him no credit. Some of the radio talks addressed to Cyprus from Greece have also been most unfortunate and leave an impression of irresponsibility. Greece cannot afford to give such an impression, because it weakens her assertion that, if *Enosis* took place, the security of the base would be greater than it is now.

On the other hand, the attitude of the Greek Foreign Minister, Mr. Stefanopoulos, when attending the conference was moderate. Every Greek in a position of responsibility with whom I have spoken on the subject this year has recognised difficulties. The Greeks are very careful to make it clear that there is no question of their claiming Cyprus. Their point of view does not take in anything in the nature of a territorial claim. What they do say is that Cyprus is overwhelmingly a Greek community and that if it demands union with Greece they can neither reject the demand themselves nor assent to its rejection by any other State, whether or not an ally. The Greek Government has canalised Greek public opinion thus into the safest bed it can find. But neither the present Greek Government nor any other could oppose public opinion if it wanted to.

The proposal put forward at the conference by Mr. Macmillan was, briefly, a constitution for Cyprus on the basis of an Assembly with an elected majority, together with a commission formed by Britain, Greece and Turkey to study its working. The Turks at once stated that they would not agree unless the Greeks pledged themselves not to raise the question of union. The Greeks took longer to reply, though it was evident by the end of the conference that they would not

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### CYPRUS AND THE BALKAN PACT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

assent. They rejected the proposal formally on September 17, and obviously on this very point, that it allowed no opening for eventual union. The controversy has arisen at a time when the Greek Government has come under criticism at home for financial and



LIFE IN NICOSIA, CYPRUS: AN AGED TURK PLEADS WITH SECURITY GUARDS NEAR THE LAW COURTS TO BE ALLOWED TO PROCEED TO HIS USUAL COFFEE SHOP.

When the trial of a young Cypriot, accused of murdering a Cypriot policeman, was recently resumed, military guards and security precautions in the neighbourhood of the law courts were increased. On September 21 a Greek attempt to have the Cyprus question included in the United Nations General Assembly's agenda was defeated in the 15-member Steering Committee. The vote was four in favour, seven against, with four abstentions. This is a marked change from last year, when the Committee favoured the discussion of the problem by nine votes to three, with three abstentions.

### THE CAMBODIAN GENERAL ELECTION.



PRINCE NORODOM SIHANOUK, THE FORMER KING OF CAMBODIA (CENTRE, WHITE SUIT), ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE CROWD AFTER HIS POLITICAL PARTY HAD WON A SWEEPING VICTORY IN THE GENERAL ELECTION.

The result of the General Election held in Cambodia on Sept. 11 was announced on Sept. 12 and amounted to a complete landslide for the Popular Socialist Community Party of Prince Norodom Sihanouk, which polled 400,000 of the 500,000 votes cast and won all 91 seats. Prince Norodom Sihanouk was formerly King but abdicated on March 2 in favour of his father, King Norodom Suramarit, in order to organise this political campaign. It may be recalled that Bernard Shaw envisaged a somewhat similar tactic in "The Apple Cart."

*This reproduction does not illustrate Captain Falls' article.*

economic reasons, coupled with the illness of the Prime Minister, Field Marshal Papagos, but the only criticism of its Cyprus policy has been on the ground that it has not been strong enough.

At the time of writing, Mr. Stefanopoulos has gone to the United States to support the raising of the issue in the United Nations. Britain has expressed regret that it should be brought up there and stated that the offer of a constitution to Cyprus remains open. As matters stand at present there is no hope that

either Greece, Turkey, or the people of Cyprus will accept it, so that a fresh deadlock has been reached. Field Marshal Lord Montgomery's visit of inspection was cancelled at the last moment, and I fear that from the military point of view we may be on the eve of serious developments. As I said, the Balkan Pact is in ruins, though they are not beyond repair. If for the same reason—lack of a basis of cordiality—the

N.A.T.O. structure were to be undermined, still worse damage would have been done. It must be hoped that means will be found to avoid such a misfortune.

All of us who take an interest in the question puzzle our brains for possible approaches to a solution. I put my ideas down, for what they were worth, in these pages some weeks ago. Their basis was the belief that no agreement could be obtained unless the terms included some future right to opt for union with Greece. It has been said that union ought to be reached by way of self-government—this was one subject of an excellent letter from Sir Philip Noel-Baker in *The Times* of September 19—but, logically, all genuine self-government must be a prelude to self-determination. We cannot afford to grant the former unless we are prepared to concede the latter—though not necessarily immediately—and full self-government clearly includes the right to self-determination. Therefore I say that the only hope of success seems to lie in putting forward, with the plan for a constitution, some indication of the prerequisites for self-determination and of the period of time required before there can be question of granting it.

Objections to such a course are heard on both sides. On one, people say that Cyprus is of little value as a base and that it is not worth all the fuss which is being made about it. I am sure this argument is false. Cyprus has weaknesses as a base but is very valuable. On the other hand, the official or semi-official British contention that a leased base is not a safe base is a strange one in the world of to-day. The United States has leased bases in many parts of the world. Occasionally left-wing papers attack it and the Governments responsible for leasing the bases; occasionally people scrawl exhortations to the leaseholders to go home; but on the whole there has been remarkably little trouble about the matter. I do not find it possible to give serious weight to this plea, while admitting that bases which are owned by the nation using them may provide rather more comfort of mind to military authorities than those which are not.

The principle of self-determination is a powerful element in the controversy. It is enshrined in the third clause of the Atlantic Charter. It is also, as Sir Philip Noel-Baker remarks in the letter to which I have alluded, "the very foundation of the British Commonwealth to-day." We have recognised this on many occasions, in certain instances with respect to peoples less fitted to exercise it than the people of Cyprus. There might be justification for refusal to accord it under the stress of war or even of the possible imminence of war. Even then, if we mean what we say, the refusal should amount only to a postponement of a right. It cannot be justifiable to withhold the right because it appears inconvenient. I admit that there are exceptional difficulties in the case of Cyprus because a proportion of its population has resorted to violence, which cannot be justified. But we must take some share of the blame because we wasted the long period during which the country was quiet.

None of the four parties can at this moment avoid blame. Britain has been clumsy, hesitant, and lacking in sympathetic understanding. Greece has sinned in her propaganda and, as regards some small sections of the community, in collusion with Cypriot terrorism. Turkey has been arrogant and fire-eating and her people have inflicted cruel loss and injury on the nationals of her ally living on her soil. Cyprus has resorted to terrorism, one of the ugliest features of which has been the attitude of the people's natural and accepted leaders. All these ugly aspects of the dispute make it harder to settle, but I do not consider that they alter the fundamental nature of the problem, nor can I give a better summary of what this appears to me to be than I have given above.

The affair cannot be allowed to remain where it is. That way lies chaos and bloodshed. Repression of the terrorism which has broken out is necessary, but it is useless to look on it as an end in itself because by itself it will be an endless process and will create an atmosphere which will seriously detract from the value

of the base. Already forces have had to be brought in from outside, and this in time of peace. I have watched this storm coming up for some time now and I am afraid it is even yet not at its height. It might leave in ruins much more than the Balkan Pact in the eastern Mediterranean. The harm already done is very grave, but still not altogether irreparable. If, however, statesmanship proves bankrupt in the near future, there may be no further chance of making the repairs in our time.



THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER IN  
THE DISPUTED BURAIMI OASIS: THE  
TRUCIAL OMAN LEVIES.



TRUCIAL OMAN LEVIES, NATURALLY CHEERFUL PEOPLE, BREAK INTO SPONTANEOUS DANCES, WHICH INVOLVE THROWING THEIR RIFLES HIGH IN THE AIR.



THE TRUCIAL OMAN LEVIES ARE TRAINED BY OFFICERS AND MEN WHO HAVE VOLUNTEERED FROM THE BRITISH FORCES; AND HERE CAPTAIN ALLFREE, EAST SURREY REGT., IS INSPECTING A TROOP AT WADI QUOR.



A SENTRY OF THE LEVIES, ON OUTPOST DUTY. THEIR DUTIES ARE VARIOUS AND INCLUDE THE PREVENTION OF SLAVING, SMUGGLING, AND GUN-RUNNING.



R.S.M.s THE WORLD OVER HAVE A FAMILY LIKENESS; AND HERE R.S.M. MOH'DAMED, FROM THE ADEN PROTECTORATE, ORDERS THE LEVIES ON PARADE.



AT TARIF, A TRAINING BASE ON THE GULF, WITH CAPTAIN STEGGLES, R.A., TEACHING A GROUP OF LEVIES THE DISMANTLING OF A BREN GUN.



THE POSSESSION OF A FINE DAGGER OR KUNJA—LIKE THIS EXAMPLE, ADORNED WITH SILVER FILIGREE—IS A MARK OF BREEDING ON THE TRUCIAL COAST.



THE R.Q.M.S. (RIGHT) OF THE LEVIES: R.Q.M.S. THOMA ATTALLAH, FROM JORDAN, WHO SERVED WITH THE BRITISH ARMY DURING THE WAR AND WAS A P.O.W. IN GERMANY.

The hearings of the Buraimi oasis dispute between Britain and Saudi Arabia, which opened at Geneva before an International Tribunal on September 11, were suspended on September 16 owing to the resignation of the British member of the Tribunal, Sir Reader Bullard, in protest at the actions and status of the Saudi Arabian member, Sheikh Yusuf Yasin. The sittings had contained many references to Saudi Arabian breaches of the agreement in the area of the Buraimi Oasis; and these pictures of the Trucial Oman Levies, who were raised to maintain law and order in this district, have an especial and topical interest. These levies, the Trucial Oman Levies or T.O.L., were founded in 1951 by the Foreign Office through



THE WIRELESS OPERATORS OF THE FORCE ARE BOYS BETWEEN TEN AND FIFTEEN, WHO, THOUGH UNABLE TO READ OR WRITE ENGLISH OR ARABIC, CAN TRANSMIT AND RECEIVE MORSE.

the agency of a civilian called Hankin Turvin, a former member of the Arab Legion. They were paid for and administered by the Foreign Office, and their primary task was to act as a *gendarmarie* on the Trucial Coast. In 1952 regular British Army officers took over the training and running of the levies, and since 1954 the force has been run by the War Office on behalf of the Foreign Office. The levies are all volunteers and do a two-year engagement, and the officers and men of the British Army who train them are likewise volunteers, who do an eighteen-months tour of service. The force, one of whose duties is the policing of the Buraimi area, is keen and soldierly, and also includes a boys' training platoon.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

OUR first day's run of some 200 miles from the Cotswolds brought us—to my great delight—to Richmond, in Yorkshire. My delight was three-fold. I am always glad to be

back in Yorkshire; Richmond is a pleasant and picturesque little town; and, above all, I remembered visiting, a good many years ago, Mr. Robert James' wonderful garden, St. Nicholas, just outside the town. The first thing we did, therefore, after arriving at our friendly hotel was to ring up Mr. James and ask if we might call next morning and see the garden—and him. I feel that perhaps I have reversed the order of precedence and should have said "him and the garden." Apologies.

Yes, he replied, by all means come along, but he warned that although there were plenty of plants, we would find precious little colour. The St. Nicholas garden is, in many ways, very like that at Hidcote Manor, in the Cotswolds—but more so. Like Hidcote, it was started from scratch by its owner and creator about forty or so years ago, and, like Hidcote, it is cleverly broken up and subdivided by hedges. Above all, these two gardens are filled with interesting and beautiful plants, grouped and sited with consummate artistry and with complete and merciful absence of fashionable garden affectations. Unfortunately, Hidcote's master and creator has gone to live at his other home, near Mentone, but I would add that the spirit and character of the gardening at Hidcote have been surprisingly well maintained in the master's absence, and to do that is no mean achievement. The garden at St. Nicholas, happily, is still tended and ordained by its creator, who told us how lamentably understaffed he is in these days. Yet the garden showed no signs whatever of this difficult state of affairs, no signs, that is, to the passing visitor. So free did it seem to be of weeds, and with such natural grace and freedom did that matchless collection of plants seem to flourish and enjoy life, that it might almost have been a private garden—not a public park—in Heaven. What a contrast to Aldenham Park in the old days, when forty—or was it fifty, or sixty—gardeners were kept. That really had all the appearance of a public park in Heaven.

The terraced garden between the entrance drive and the house, with its mellow, and architecturally beautiful façade was a complete contradiction of the warning "Plenty of plants, but no colour." The beds on three sides of that entrance courtyard were brilliant with glowing colour, thanks to the use of all-summer bedding plants, especially a number of "geraniums" (pelargoniums), a collection which included some splendid tall-growing scarlets, several of the colourful scented-leaved varieties, with flowers like the regal pelargoniums in miniature, and one zonal variety which I had never met before. Its name is "Apple Blossom," a name which could not be more descriptively apt.

The St. Nicholas garden is on a limestone formation, so that one would not expect to find rhododendrons flourishing there, and certainly not that tedious bore, rhodos, rhodos all the way, and rhodo conversation and discussion morning, noon and half the night. Yet Mr. James is justly proud of what he calls his successful cheating. A narrowish, sloping dell is flanked on either side by banks or "walls," built up above ground-level with blocks of peat, supplemented here and there with non-limy rocks. In addition, a considerable quantity of sawdust has been incorporated

## ST. NICHOLAS REVISITED.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

with the structure of these peat banks and walls. There flourished a fine collection of rhododendrons. They were not, of course, in flower, but they all looked the picture of health and vigour. "Supremely contented and happy and satisfied—no wish denied." And here, too, were other lime-hating shrubs, especially tree heaths and a tall Eucryphia. I have always set my face and my pen against the foolish practice of trying to grow rhododendrons and azaleas on a limy or a chalky soil by digging out beds, and filling them with peat. Lime-charged water is bound to seep into such beds, and produce, sooner or later, a distressful collection of deathly sick invalid rhododendrons, for which one could only wish an early and merciful demise—preferably on the bonfire. But a built-up peat-bank or mound, with peat-brick and rock walls, is well proved at St. Nicholas to be a very different story. But in many districts, such

"cheating" could be a somewhat costly form of gardening. I suspect, however, that the peat walls at St. Nicholas were built at a time when transport and labour had not arrived at their present prohibitive level, and when official blood-sucking left at least some small margin of income to meet—still more blood-sucking.

"Colour schemes" for the garden can look very pretty on paper. In actual practice they seldom work out as their pretty plans might lead one to expect, or hope for. Too often they become a tedious bore and affectation. But in the St. Nicholas garden there was an enclosed garden containing a colour-scheme planting which was wholly pleasing. I feel very sure, however, that it was never planned on paper. The planting was almost certainly improvised by its artist-owner-planter. A central grass walk was flanked on either side by a wide border, and the whole was enclosed by tall, trim hedges. The borders were filled with soft, gracious colour, lavender-blue and rose-pink, mauve, violet, certain blues, grey and silver-grey. But cleverly and happily there was no feeling of laboured striving after "artistic" colour effect. All appeared as natural and spontaneous as the natural colour effects that one meets now and then in the Alps, such, for instance, as the occasional sub-Alpine hayfields in June, filled almost exclusively with rose-pink sanfoin and the blue-violet *Salvia pratensis*.

A small tree, twenty or so feet high, which interested me greatly was a wild species of apricot, sent home from China by—I think—Forrest. It was neither in flower nor fruit at the time, though Mr. James told me that it fruits abundantly, but is inedible. But its white blossoms with dark centres sound a delight. Not as yet being quite what Mr. James described as an "octogeranium," I greatly hope to secure some of the apricot "stones" from which to raise a batch of seedlings. Another small tree, 12 or 15 ft. tall, was *Indigofera pendula*. This, another Forrest introduction, was in full flower. The whole tree was profusely hung with pendulous racemes of pink blossoms, which I can most easily describe as resembling very slender 12-in. rosy-pink laburnum racemes. It has never set seeds at St. Nicholas, and Mr. James has never succeeded in striking cuttings of it. Whether it is grown and offered by any nurseryman I do not know, and shall not know until I get home among my collection of nursery catalogues. But it surprises me that I have never before met this singularly attractive small tree.

One of the high spots—to me—at St. Nicholas was a long peastick hedge of the true old "grandiflora" sweet peas of my childhood, all with honest unfrilled blossoms, intensely fragrant, and all in honest pinks, violets, lavenders and pink-and-white. None of your hot salmons, passionate shrimps, tinned salmons, and stems carrying a top-heavy flight of six blossoms. That sight gave me as much true pleasure as anything in the truly beautiful garden of St. Nicholas, and that, let me tell you, is saying a very great deal.

And so on by easy stages to Loch Boisdale, in the island of South Uist, in the Outer Hebrides, where gardens are few and sadly meagre, but where the sea-trout fishing is supremely good. In fact, had it not been for a certain prejudice against Sunday fishing this article might never have been written.



"THE HOUSE, WITH ITS MELLOW AND ARCHITECTURALLY BEAUTIFUL FAÇADE . . .": ST. NICHOLAS, RICHMOND, YORKS, THE HOME AND FAMOUS GARDEN OF THE HON. ROBERT JAMES, WHICH MR. ELLIOTT RECENTLY REVISITED AND DISCUSSES ON THIS PAGE.  
Photograph by "Gardening Illustrated."

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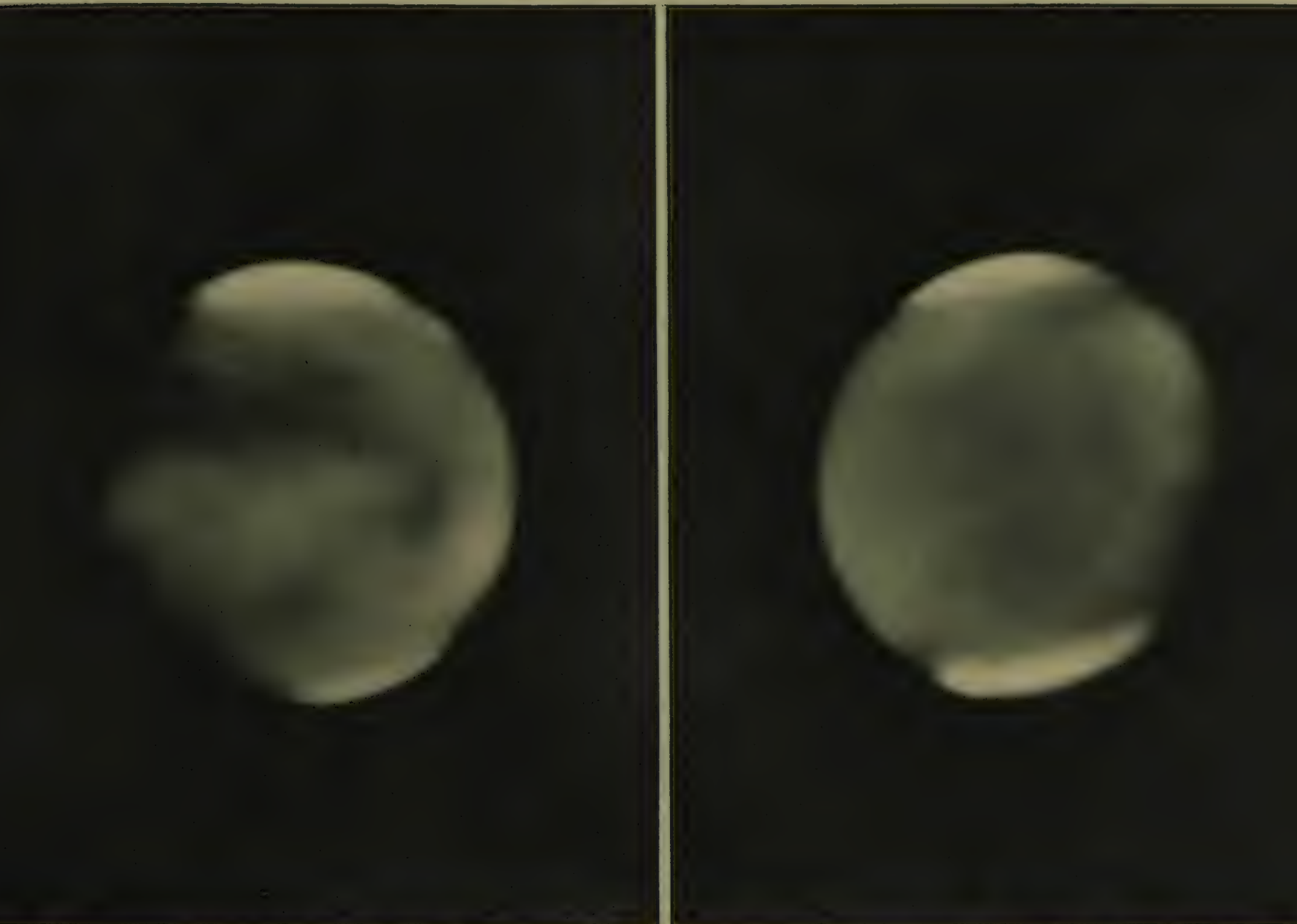
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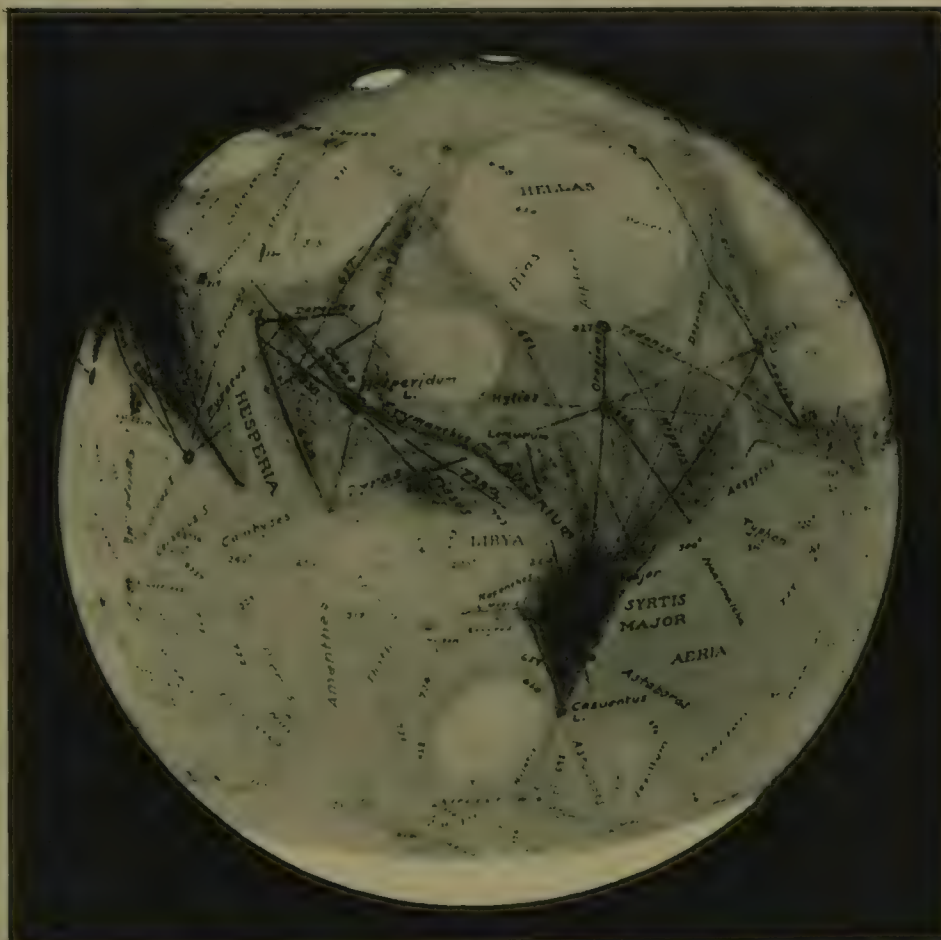


## PLANT LIFE ON MARS: NEWLY-DISCOVERED DARK AREAS IN THE RED DESERT.



USING VARIOUS COLOURED FILTERS, DR. SLIPHER TOOK OVER 20,000 PHOTOGRAPHS OF MARS. THE TWO REPRODUCED ABOVE, TAKEN WITH A BLUE FILTER, DISPLAY THE PUZZLING CHANGE OF ATMOSPHERE ON MARS, QUITE TRANSPARENT TO BLUE LIGHT AT ONE MOMENT (LEFT) AND PRACTICALLY OPAQUE TO THE SAME RAYS A FEW DAYS LATER (RIGHT). THE LEFT PHOTOGRAPH REVEALS THE (DARK) GROUND MARKINGS QUITE CLEARLY, WHILE IN THE OTHER THESE MARKINGS DO NOT APPEAR.

IS there living vegetation on Mars or is it a dead world? This question has taxed astronomers since the planet was first mapped, 125 years ago. Fresh evidence has recently been adduced by American observers, who have reported a vast new blue-green area, which they believe to be living vegetation, sprouting from the red desert which covers five-eighths of the planet. This latest major Martian project began last year, when Dr. E. C. Slipher, of the Lowell Observatory, Arizona, led an expedition to the Lamont-Hussey Observatory in Bloemfontein, South Africa, to photograph and scan the face of the planet as it spun closer to the earth—a mere 39,800,000 miles away—than it had done for thirteen years. At this juncture, Mars was lying so far south that the great telescopes of the Northern Hemisphere would provide only intermittent glimpses under bad conditions. The 27-in. telescope at Bloemfontein, however, operating in the clear, dry South African air, offered a remarkable opportunity for continual observation. Assisted by the American National Geographic Society, Dr. Slipher's team left for South Africa in April last year, and during the ensuing five months, aided by exceptionally good weather conditions, a nightly watch was kept on the blazing planet to discern any visible change on the face presented to the earth. The observers noted the recession of the Martian winter, marked by the melting of the polar ice caps, particularly the giant ice fields of the south, and the formation of what appeared to be green fringes along the edges of the retreating ice sheets. They saw the Martian spring splash the vast areas of the red desert with green patches, located generally in the southern hemisphere where the melting waters of the great southern cap spread back towards the pole; the northern cap does not melt to any commensurate extent. It is now



A MAP OF MARS DRAWN IN 1907 BY PROFESSOR LOWELL, FOUNDER OF THE LOWELL OBSERVATORY. THE THOTH CANAL AREA, WHERE DR. SLIPHER'S TEAM FOUND A NEW DARK PATCH OF CONSIDERABLE SIZE IN THE DESERT, IS IN THE CENTRE OF THE LOWER HEMISPHERE.

*Continued.* generally believed that the waters wrested from the shrinking ice-caps and the appearance of the blue-green areas, almost certainly areas of vegetation, are associated. These patches of vegetation are not fixed; they seem to spring up anywhere in the red dust of the Martian desert. Photographs taken by the 1954 expedition reveal that, compared with similar views of 1907 and 1939, the dark or vegetation-covered areas have encroached upon the desert in the area of the Thoth Canal, have appeared, in fact, where they have never been observed before. What is the nature of this vegetation, struggling to attain its almost fugitive existence in the thin atmosphere and the thick dust? Biologists suggest that it may resemble the lichens that grow on the earth's barren rocks and mountain tops, a growth half-alga, half-fungus, an accretion of the lowest vegetable order, able to grow in situations uninhabitable by any other forms of plant life, a primary form of life in the history of our planet and, it may be, the most advanced form in the Martian environment. Confirmation of this theory is to be attempted by endeavouring to grow such plants in a laboratory under the physical and chemical conditions thought to exist on Mars, an experiment that may well open up new vistas for astronomers. However this may be, there can be no doubt that the 20,000 photographs taken by the leader of the 1954 National Geographic-Lowell Observatory expedition have made a signal contribution to research into the geography of

the red planet, and that such research may well present to our children aspects of the nearer planets that were undreamt of in the philosophy of our fathers. The photographs reproduced at the top of this page show Mars inverted, with the south pole uppermost, as, in fact, it appears through the astronomer's telescope.

(Continued above.)



## BUILDINGS NEW AND OLD, REPAIRS TO H.M.S. VICTORY; A NEW LONDON GARDEN.



THE BRIXTON WINDMILL—ONE OF THE LAST IN LONDON—WHICH STANDS ON A SITE WHICH MAY BECOME AN OPEN SPACE.

It is reported that the L.C.C. hope to acquire the site of the windmill in Blenheim Gardens, on the west side of Brixton Hill, for an open space. No plans, it is believed, have yet been made for the preservation of the mill itself, which was built in 1816, converted to steam in 1862, deprived of its sails in 1864 and since used as a storehouse for many years.



HARROW SCHOOL IN SCAFFOLDING, DURING RESTORATION WORK. BOTH THE WEST AND EASTERN WINGS OF THE SCHOOL ARE BEING RENOVATED AND SOME STAINED GLASS WHICH WAS DAMAGED DURING THE WAR IS BEING RESTORED.



A NEW LONDON GARDEN, NOW COMPLETED AND OPEN TO THE PUBLIC IN THE COURTYARD OF STAPLES INN. STAPLES INN ITSELF WAS REBUILT AFTER WARTIME DESTRUCTION AND REOPENED DURING JUNE THIS YEAR.



THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE WAR MEMORIAL CHAPEL AND CLOISTER, IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION IN WELLINGTON BARRACKS. IT IS EXPECTED TO BE COMPLETED IN TIME FOR DEDICATION DURING THE SPRING OF NEXT YEAR.



(LEFT.) THE NEW STUDENTS' UNION BUILDING OF LONDON UNIVERSITY IN MALET STREET, BLOOMSBURY, WHICH WAS OPENED FOR THE FIRST TIME ON SEPTEMBER 20. THE ARCHITECTS ARE MESSRS. ADAMS, HOLDEN AND PEARSON.

(RIGHT.) REPAIR WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE STARBOARD SIDE OF H.M.S. VICTORY AT PORTSMOUTH. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS WHERE PART OF THE HULL HAS BEEN REMOVED. As a result of the recent survey, repair work on H.M.S. *Victory* has been put in hand which will take an estimated twenty years to complete and cost about £500,000. In addition to the damage by death-watch beetle a certain amount of dry rot has been discovered.





## EUROPE, ASIA AND AFRICA: A PHOTOGRAPHIC PANORAMA OF EVENTS FROM THREE CONTINENTS.



A SPANISH TRIBUTE TO A GREAT BRITISH SCIENTIST: THE MONUMENT TO SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING AT GIJON. A monument to Sir Alexander Fleming was unveiled at Gijon, in Spain, in the presence of Lady Fleming and some 30,000 spectators on September 18. Consisting of a bronze bust of Dr. Fleming on a granite pedestal in the centre of a fountain in the park, it cost some £5000, largely subscribed by working people.



PARADING WITH THEIR NEW COLOURS: AFRICAN SOLDIERS OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH (TANGANYIKA) BATTALION OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES AFTER THE PRESENTATION CEREMONY AT DAR ES SALAAM. The two Tanganyika battalions of the King's African Rifles, the Sixth and Twenty-sixth, were presented with new Colours by the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Tanganyika, Sir Edward Twining, at a ceremony at Dar es Salaam on September 16. He was acting on behalf of her Majesty the Queen, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the King's African Rifles. The parade was held on the tarmac of Dar es Salaam's new airport. The old Colours of the 6th battalion, bearing many battle honours, were presented in 1923. The Colours of the 26th battalion are newly-presented.



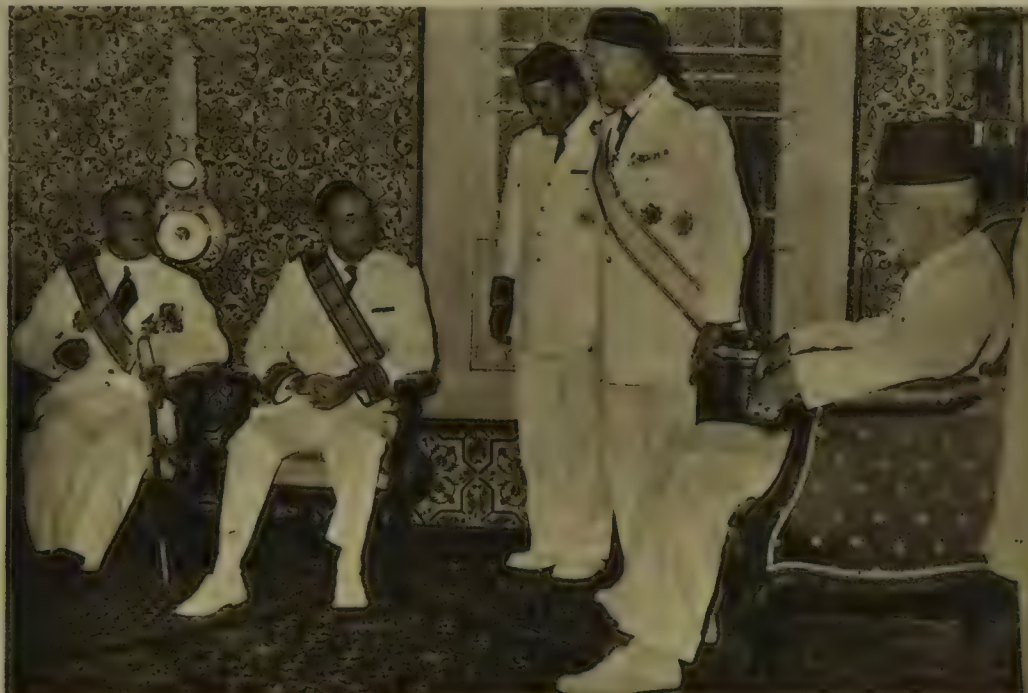
PREPARING FOR THE WINTER OLYMPIC GAMES AT CORTINA D'AMPEZZO: A VIEW OF THE "ITALIA" SKI RUN, WITH THE TAKE-OFF PLATFORM IN THE FOREGROUND. THE WINTER GAMES WILL BE HELD FROM JANUARY 26 TO FEBRUARY 5 NEXT YEAR.



WAITING FOR A TRAIN DURING THE STRIKE OF FRENCH ENGINE-DRIVERS: CROWDS AT THE ST. LAZARE TERMINUS, IN PARIS, WHERE TRAFFIC WAS VIRTUALLY AT A STANDSTILL. The 24-hour strike called by the French railway engine-drivers' union and supported by the Communist-led railwaymen's union, disrupted some Paris termini on September 22, in spite of opposition from the minority unions and a plea to workers broadcast by the Prime Minister, M. Faure. The strike is in support of pay claims by the French railwaymen.



CELEBRATING THE DIAMOND JUBILEE OF HIS REIGN: THE SULTAN OF JOHORE AND THE SULTANA DURING THE CEREMONY. The Sultan of Johore celebrated his diamond jubilee as Sultan on September 17, and marked the occasion with a vigorous speech condemning some Malays on their attitude to national independence. Abdul Rahman, the Chief Minister, and other members of the Government, boycotted the subsequent celebrations.



RECEIVING THE NEW FRENCH HIGH COMMISSIONER, M. ROGER SEYDOUX: THE BEY OF TUNIS (SEATED, EXTREME RIGHT). M. SEYDOUX IS SEATED SECOND FROM THE LEFT. The newly-appointed French High Commissioner in Tunis, M. Roger Seydoux, was received by the Bey of Tunis on September 19. M. Seydoux, who is forty-seven, has for the past year been Minister-Delegate to the Resident-General in Tunisia. He will work in conjunction with the first all-Tunisian Government since the establishment of the Protectorate in 1882.





LIKE its western compeer and predecessor, Rome, the city of Constantinople was also built on hills, and it is their undulating contours that make up one of the principal beauties when the city is approached from the sea to-day. Apart from the contours, the dominating feature to-day is that of the vertical minarets of the Turkish mosques. In Byzantine times the appearance would have been different, for towers were not a feature of Byzantine church architecture, and the most significant feature would have been the profusion of domes, which constituted the most usual form of roof for religious and secular buildings alike. The largest of these domes would have been that of Sancta Sophia, which still dominates the city, though dwarfed by its four Turkish minarets. Its form would have been echoed on a smaller scale in every direction. In the area of the Great Palace alone—that is to say, between the Hippodrome and the sea—the total of domes would have run into three figures, while the hills beyond were equally profusely dotted with them. The names of

(Continued opposite)

#### KEY TO NUMBERS.

- |                             |                              |                             |                               |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. The Golden Gate.         | 13. St. Sergius and Bacchus. | 26. Open cistern of Mocius. | 38. Plan Concession quarter.  |
| 2. St. John of Studion.     | 14. The Mangana Palace.      | 27. Xylotekton Gate.        | 39. Genoa " "                 |
| 3. Forum of Arcadius.       | 15. The Defensive Chain.     | 28. Gate of St. Romanus.    | 40. Amalfitan " "             |
| 4. Forum Boile.             | 16. Porta Veneris.           | 29. Pamphile Gate.          | 41. Venetian " "              |
| 5. Forum Tauri.             | 17. Aqueduct of Valens.      | 30. Adrianople Gate.        | 42. The Zeugma.               |
| 6. Forum of Constantine.    | 18. Church of Holy Apostles. | 31. Pamphile Gate.          | 43. Church of the Saviour     |
| 7. The Hippodrome.          | 19. Column of Marcian.       | 32. Harbour of Eleutherios. | Pantocrator.                  |
| 8. The Augusteum.           | 20. Open cistern of Aspar.   | 33. Konstantinos (harbour). | 44. Church of the Saviour     |
| 9. Sancta Sophia.           | 21. The Pilon.               | 34. The Pilon.              | Pantocrator.                  |
| 10. St. Irene.              | 22. Church of the Chora.     | 35. The Acropolis.          | 45. Church of St. Mary of the |
| 11. The Great Palace of the | 23. Blachernae Palace.       | 36. Column of Claudius      | Mongols.                      |
| Emperors.                   | 24. Justinian's Bridge.      | 37. Gothicus.               | 46. Tower of Isaac Angelus.   |
| 12. Boudicon Harbour.       | 25. Tower of Anastasius.     | 37. Strategion.             | 47. Walls of Manuel Comnenus. |

Continued.  
the churches that survive in this area, a mere modicum of what once existed, serve to convey something of the original wealth. Vertical lines would have been supplied here and there by the columns, like those of Constantine, Theodosius or Arcadius, or one close to Sancta Sophia which bore a statue of Justinian at its summit. The sea-front would also have been more impressive than it is to-day, for the walls, though they survive in places, have been reduced in height, and their relative importance has been diminished by the erection in recent times of four- or five-storied buildings close behind them.

N.B.—This reconstruction includes buildings as late as the twelfth century and is intended to show the full magnificence of Byzantine Constantinople. The sequence of numbers follows, roughly, a double circle, starting at the lower left corner and making the second start on the left at No. 26. A fuller description of Byzantine Constantinople by Professor Talbot Rice appears on page 568.

A WORLD CAPITAL FOR OVER A THOUSAND YEARS: CONSTANTINOPLE OF THE BYZANTINE EMPERORS, WITH ALL ITS GLORIES AND SPLENDOURS RECONSTRUCTED IN A BIRD'S-EYE MAP.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY ALAN SORRELL WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF PROFESSOR D. TALBOT RICE.



# CONSTANTINOPLE OF THE BYZANTINE EMPERORS: WHAT REMAINS AND WHAT IS KNOWN OF ONE OF THE GREATEST OF WORLD CAPITALS.

By D. Talbot Rice, D.Litt., F.S.A., Watson-Gordon Professor of the History of Fine Art, University of Edinburgh.  
(The numbers in this article refer to a reconstructed aerial view of Byzantine Constantinople reproduced on pages 566-567.)

THERE are few other great cities in the world which were once so important, and of which we know at the same time so little from excavation and so much from historical records. Thus of Babylon the records are but vague, though the city has been almost entirely excavated; of Athens we know much from both records and excavation, thanks to what the Americans have done in the Agora area; of Rome nearly all the more important areas have been fully dug and are now visible to the public. But though the historians have told us a good deal about Constantinople and its monuments, very little has survived above ground and even less has been excavated. Apart from the great Cathedral of the Holy Wisdom, Sancta Sophia (9), as it is more often called, the most impressive structure that survives above ground is probably the Golden Gate. It is now in a very sad state of collapse (1, and on this page), but with its walls of brilliantly polished marble it is still very striking, and in its original state it must have been an outstanding building, for it was a good deal higher than it is to-day, and was topped by three statues. It was through this gate that the Emperors made their official entry into the city after triumphant campaigns abroad, or following upon great diplomatic missions away from the capital. It constituted the last gate through the land walls at their south-eastern extremity, close to the Sea of Marmora, and from it the walls stretched for some four miles across the peninsula on which the city stands, to meet the waters of the Golden Horn at the opposite extremity.

The land walls still constitute one of the chief glories of the city, for though they, too, are sadly battered in places, their general aspect has been but little changed since they served to defend the Greek and Christian city against the advance of Islam in 1453. Indeed, in places one can almost imagine that the siege only took place a few decades ago. The land walls of Constantinople are, in fact, one of the major monuments of Europe, both from the spectacular and the historical point of view. The Turks should preserve them, for they not only constitute one of the outstanding examples of military architecture in Europe, but also serve to attest the might of conquering Turkey, for the Turks were the first to breach them, in spite of many attempts between their construction in the fifth century and the final conquest of 1453.

The walls were pierced by a number of gates, from which streets led, as they still do, to the opposite extremity of the three-cornered city. Each road was embellished by monuments and buildings of importance, which increased in number and size the nearer they came to the apex. In the neighbourhood of the walls there were in ancient times, as there are to-day, large open spaces, which were probably used as gardens; the fruits and vegetables of Constantinople have always been famous. A number of great open-air cisterns also played a striking part in the make-up of the scene, though these were mostly placed on the hills bordering the Golden Horn. Closer to the Marmora the most important structure in the region of the walls was the monastery and church of St. John of Studion (2). It was founded in 463, and soon after its foundation it became, and for long remained, the most outstanding monastery in the Byzantine world. Within its walls were argued many of the problems which finally led to the separation of the Roman Catholic and the Greek Orthodox

branches of the Christian faith. Nothing remains of the monastic buildings, but the church still stands, the west front in comparatively good condition, the nave charred and roofless, for after several pillages and repairs in early times, and after serving for some 450 years as a mosque, the building was finally burnt in 1894.

About a mile beyond the Studion an Emperor, entering the city along the Triumphal Way, would have reached the Forum of Arcadius (395-408) (3). The centre of this Forum was marked by a great sculptured column like that of Trajan at Rome; to-day no more than the base survives; but that at least is something, in a city where so much has been destroyed. Thus of the Forum Bovi (4), some 800 yards further along the Triumphal Way, nothing at all survives, and of the Forum Tauri (5), where there was a great triumphal arch as well as a column there is nothing standing, though fragments of the column are built into a neighbouring structure of Turkish date, and part of the base of the arch can be seen at the bottom of an unsavoury hole in a *khan* on the opposite

Though its great bulk is somewhat thrown out of proportion by its four Turkish minarets, the Church of Sancta Sophia otherwise survives in much the same form as that in which it was built by Justinian (527-565). The outline of another of the foremost monuments, the Hippodrome (7), can also still be traced; its centre line is marked by three monuments: an Egyptian obelisk, which was set up by Theodosius the Great (379-392); the bronze column, removed from Delphi, where it had been erected to celebrate the battle of Platea in 497 B.C.; and an obelisk set up by Constantine Porphyrogenitus (913-959), which was originally coated with bronze. But of the Great Palace practically nothing at all survives above ground; indeed, several of its most important buildings were levelled early in the seventeenth century to make way for the mosque of Sultan Ahmed. The Palace occupied practically the whole of the area between the Hippodrome and the sea. But even if nothing remains, we still have a fairly good idea of its nature, for it was described in the ninth century very fully in an account known as the Book of Ceremonies, compiled by the same Constantine Porphyrogenitus. It was not a palace in the western sense, that is, a single building, but was a conglomeration of structures, courts and gardens, built or laid out at different periods. It must have been very like the Kremlin at Moscow; indeed, the Kremlin at Moscow, together with similar complexes which once existed in other cities of Russia, was directly modelled upon the Constantinopolitan prototype, just as each great Russian city boasted its

Sancta Sophia. When Russia adopted the Orthodox faith from Byzantium, quite a number of ideas were taken over at the same time, and not a few of them survive even to this day in the new Communist State.

To the north of the Great Palace stood a number of other important buildings. On the hill above was the Church of St. Irene (10), as close to the sea were the Palace and Church of the Mangana (14) with, beyond it, other churches and an arsenal. Just around the point—the Serail Point as it is called to-day—there stood a tower, from which a chain (15) was stretched across the entrance to the Golden Horn, so providing a safe harbour for shipping. Though not a part of the main defensive area, the land on the opposite side of the Golden Horn was furnished with its own walls, for if it were not also held, the shipping in the Golden Horn would be in danger.

Though the area of the Great Palace always remained im-

portant as the centre of officialdom, it ceased to be a residence of the Emperors in the twelfth century, and a new palace was built close to where the land walls met the Golden Horn. This palace was known as that of the Blachernæ (23). Quite why the later Emperors selected a spot in a much less favourable position, both strategically and climatically, it is hard to say. But changing tastes have throughout history been responsible for more than one strange result. A part of this palace, one of the last important buildings to be set up in the capital under Byzantine rule, survives under the Turkish name of Tekfour Serai. Its extent is rapidly being encroached upon by a glass factory. Here again it is time that a stop was put to such vandalism, and the Turkish Government or U.N.E.S.C.O. should come to the rescue with a large-scale work of conservation. The need to protect this palace, and the land walls also, is immediate. It should be put in hand at once. Excavations, however desirable and interesting their outcome, can wait. But one day, when the Great Palace comes to be fully explored, something just as impressive as the Forum at Rome will be there for all to visit, and the little work that has been done so far suggests that even if the upper storeys of most of the buildings have gone, there are still enormous substructures, and probably also great extents of mosaic floors of the very finest quality.



THE GOLDEN GATE OF CONSTANTINOPLE IN THE DAYS OF ITS FULL SPLENDOUR, WHEN IT WAS THE SCENE OF THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRIES OF THE BYZANTINE EMPERORS: A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING.

The Golden Gate, which originally stood in open country, was built by Theodosius I. shortly after A.D. 388, and consisted of the mass in the background of the picture—the two huge pylons flanking the triple arch, the centre arch being reserved for the passage of the Emperor. In 413 Theodosius II. built his great wall, and this was joined to the pylons of the gate. It was probably about this time, in the prefecture of Anthemius, that the forward single arch, flanked by twelve famous reliefs (which survived intact until at least the seventeenth century) was built.

(Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Alan Sorrell.)

side of the road. Both these Fora were important, for several of the roads from the walls met at each of them, and from the Forum Tauri, onwards, there was but a single street, the Mese. This was a wide street, standing on a sort of ramp; it led in a straight line, first to the Forum of Constantine (6), where the central column still stands, though on a much altered base looking like a tribute to Scottish Nationalism, and then to the square of the Augusteon (8), where stood the Milion (34), from which all distances were measured. On the north side of the square stood the Cathedral of Sancta Sophia (9), on the south-west the Hippodrome, and on the south and east extended the buildings of the great Palace of the Byzantine Emperors (11). The square thus represented the very heart of the city and nerve-centre of the Empire.

This square had always been within the limits of the fortified city of Byzantium, even before Constantine transferred the capital of the civilised world thither in 330 and renamed it Constantinople; the first walls, built by Septimius Severus (193-211), enclosed only a comparatively small area, crossing over the neck close to the Forum of Constantine. The city was considerably enlarged by Constantine, for he built a new wall about half-way between the Forum of Arcadius and the Studion. It ran in a line almost exactly parallel with that of the present land walls, which were set up roughly a century later, by Theodosius.



## THE ROYAL REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY ON PARADE: THE WOOLWICH TATTOO.



ROYAL ARTILLERY GUN DRILL OF 1760—AT THE WOOLWICH TATTOO, IN UNIFORMS OF THE PERIOD AND USING A 9-POUNDER GUN, WHICH IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN IN ACTION AT THE BATTLE OF MINDEN, AUGUST 1, 1759.



THE MOONLIGHT STEEPLCHASE IN NIGHTSHIRTS AND NIGHTCAPS WHICH "CAPTAIN CANNONBALL," OF THE R.A., WON IN 1803—RE-RIDDEN AT THE WOOLWICH STADIUM.



THE GRAND FINALE OF THE WOOLWICH SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO, ORGANISED BY THE ROYAL ARTILLERY—SHOWING THE MASSED BANDS AND ALL THOSE WHO HAD TAKEN PART.

The third post-war Woolwich Searchlight Tattoo, organised by the Royal Artillery in aid of the Royal Artillery Charitable Fund, opened at the Woolwich Stadium on September 21, subsequent performances being arranged for the evenings of September 22, 23 and 24, with a daylight performance in the afternoon of September 24. The Tattoo, which was produced by Mr. William A. Sutton, blended the modern and the traditional into a stirring spectacle—the incidents ranging in time from a demonstration of the Gun Drill of 1760 to an exhibition of Civil Defence operations under a nuclear attack. The programme opened with the

Combined Herald Trumpeters, Royal Artillery, and a Band Display by the Boys' Regiment, Royal Artillery, followed by a Motor Cycle Display and a Display by the Band of the 751st U.S. Air Force, the Musical Drive of the King's Troop, R.H.A., and an Alarm Race by the Divisional Artillery of the 44th Home Counties Infantry Division, T.A. The second half included more band displays, a Jeep Assembly Display, a Drill Demonstration by the 32nd A.A.A. Brigade, U.S. Army, a re-creation of the famous Moonlight Steeplechase from Ipswich Barracks to Nacton Church, and the stirring climax of the Grand Assembly.





"HARBOUR SCENE: DIEPPE (?)." POSSIBLY SOME OTHER PORT. PAINTED IN 1884-85.  
(Oil on canvas; 23 by 28 ins.) (City Art Gallery, Manchester.)

# FROM EDINBURGH TO LONDON: PICTURES BY GAUGUIN IN A CURRENT EXHIBITION.



"THE VISION AFTER THE SERMON." AUGUST 1888. SOLD BY GAUGUIN IN 1891 FOR £40. (Oil on canvas; 28½ by 36½ ins.) (National Gallery of Scotland, Edinburgh.)



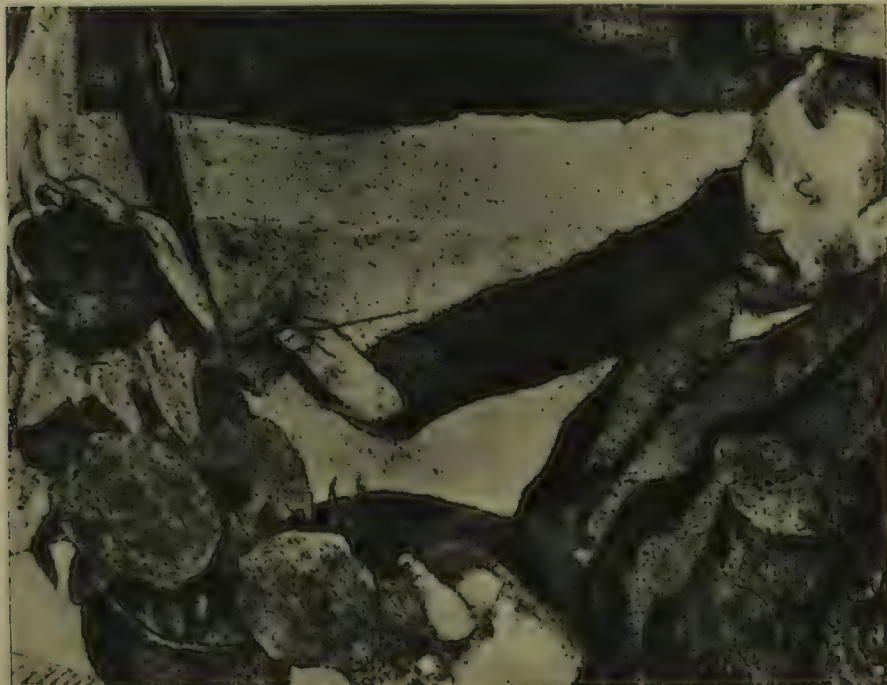
"LA BELLE ANGELE." SEPTEMBER 1889. DEGAS BOUGHT THIS PICTURE IN 1891 FOR £20.  
(Oil on canvas; 36½ by 28½ ins.) (Musée du Louvre, Paris.)



"STILL-LIFE WITH THREE PUPPIES." SUMMER 1888.  
(Oil on panel; 34½ by 24½ ins.) (Museum of Modern Art, New York. Mrs. Simon Guggenheim Fund.)



"LANDSCAPE NEAR ARLES." WINTER 1888.  
(Oil on canvas; 36 by 28½ ins.) (John Herron Art Museum, Indianapolis.)



"VAN GOGH PAINTING SUNFLOWERS." NOVEMBER 1888. (Oil on canvas; 28½ by 36½ ins.)  
(Lent by Ir. V. W. van Gogh, Laren.)



"SELF - PORTRAIT AGAINST A FLOWERED BACKGROUND." SEPTEMBER 1888.  
(Oil on canvas; 17½ by 21½ ins.) (Lent by Ir. V. W. van Gogh, Laren.)

The most important retrospective exhibition of works by Gauguin ever shown in this country was on view at the Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh, during the recent Edinburgh Festival. This exhibition, sponsored by the Edinburgh Festival Society with the Arts Council of Great Britain, was due to open at the Tate Gallery, in London, on September 30 and is to continue until October 26. The selection of works in this exhibition has been made by Mr. Douglas Cooper, who has also compiled the comprehensive catalogue, with its introduction to Gauguin's life and art and its detailed notes on each work. Owners in seven

countries have lent pictures for the exhibition, which shows much of the artist's work in his early and Breton periods. The later phases of Gauguin's development, after he first went to Tahiti in 1891, are not quite so well represented, and the reason for this is given in the foreword to the catalogue, where it is explained that it is owing to the number of other exhibitions which are being organised at the same time, to the restrictions placed on lending in many collections throughout the world, and to the fact that several pictures are not in a fit state to travel.



# AT THE TATE GALLERY: THE FIRST MAJOR RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION OF WORKS BY PAUL GAUGUIN TO BE SEEN IN LONDON.



THE current exhibition at the Tate Gallery of paintings, sculpture and engravings by Paul Gauguin is likely to arouse widespread interest, for here are many works, some of which have never before been seen in Britain, by that extraordinary and tragic man to whom, as Mr. Douglas Cooper says: "Practically every artist and every group of the twentieth century has owed something." Paul Gauguin was born in Paris in 1848, and entered a stockbroker's office in 1871, the year in which he started to paint.

(Continued below.)

(LEFT.) "THE MOON AND THE EARTH. (HINA TEFATOU)." SPRING 1893. (Oil on canvas; 44½ by 24 ins.) (Museum of Modern Art, New York. Lillie P. Bliss Collection.)

(RIGHT.) "WHY ARE YOU ANGRY? (NO TE AHA OE RIRI)." 1896. (Oil on canvas; 37½ by 51½ ins.) (The Art Institute, Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Martin A. Ryerson Collection.)



(ABOVE.) "UNDER THE PANDANUS TREES. (I RARO TE OVIRI)." 1891. A SECOND VERSION, WITH VARIATIONS, OF THIS COMPOSITION (SAME DATE) IS KNOWN. (Oil on canvas; 29 by 36 ins.) (Institute of Art, Minneapolis.)



"STREET IN A TAHITIAN VILLAGE." SUMMER 1891. GAUGUIN ARRIVED IN TAHITI IN JUNE OF THAT YEAR. (Oil on canvas; 46 by 35 ins.) (Toledo Museum of Art, Ohio.)



"THE CALL." SUMMER 1902. BY AUGUST OF THIS YEAR GAUGUIN WAS VERY ILL AND NO LONGER WORKING. (Oil on canvas; 51½ by 35½ ins.) (Cleveland Museum of Art.)

(Continued.) In 1875 he first came under the influence of the Impressionists and had his first meeting with Pissarro. It was only from 1883 that he gave all his time to painting, and in 1886, when he was thirty-eight, he met Emile Bernard and Vincent van Gogh and left Paris for his first visit to Pont-Aven. In 1891 Gauguin sold thirty of his pictures by auction and later that year left for Tahiti. He died at Atuana in the Marquesas Islands in May, 1903.

(RIGHT.) "THREE TAHITIANS." 1899. (Oil on canvas; 28 by 36½ ins.) (Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Maitland, Edinburgh.)







## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. CANALETTO.\*

By FRANK DAVIS.

I SUPPOSE Antonio Canal, called Canaletto (1697-1768), not only had more to do with England and Englishmen during his lifetime than any other Italian painter of comparable calibre before or since, but is better known to the average citizen to-day than a dozen other much greater men. This last phenomenon is natural enough. There are many paintings by him in this country; a few are of English scenes, in which the warmth of an Italian sun seems to caress English brickwork—or is it that mid-eighteenth-century summers were as fine as that of 1955? The majority are views of Venice, and views of Venice have been understandably loved since the seventeenth century, when travel in Italy first became recognised as an essential part of a liberal education.

By the time Canaletto had reached maturity and had become sick and tired of scene-painting (that is, for the theatre), the demand for more and more pictures of the unique city on the part of rich visitors provided him with ample opportunities for the exercise of his very special talents, which included the ability to paint bricks and mortar and stone as if he loved them for their own sake, irrespective of the forms given to them by the builder, and to set down on canvas something of the soul of the place—its bustle, its splendour, rich men and beggars, the pomp and circumstance of official gatherings. Our consul in Venice, Joseph Smith, was one of his many patrons, and he amassed a notable collection of his work, both drawings and paintings, and in 1703 sold them to George III.; they are to-day not the least among the Royal treasures at Windsor. It was mainly through Smith's good offices that, in 1746, Canaletto came to England, where, for the Duke of Richmond, he painted the famous panoramas of London from the Duke's Thames-side mansion, one looking towards St. Paul's, the other towards Whitehall.

Among his other English patrons during the next four years were Sir Hugh Smithson, later Duke of Northumberland, for whom in 1747 he painted a view of Windsor Castle and two views of Westminster Bridge, including one in which the river is seen framed through an arch supported by scaffolding—a subject which obviously interested him enormously, for he painted a bucket hanging down with as much affection (yes, I think that is the word) as he devoted to the pattern of the wooden scaffolding and the distant scene. Incidentally, had he not been so gifted as a painter, that is, possessed of both the skill and the imagination required for that high calling, what a highly-paid civil-engineering technical draughtsman he would have made, with his extraordinarily accurate eye! His arrival in this country seems to have been regarded with a certain amount of jealousy, for George Vertue notes in 1749 that the pictures he painted here were inferior to those painted in Italy, and that, because of a certain "reserve and shyness" on his part, the suspicion arose that he was not really the Canaletto of Venice. This would appear to confirm the impression I have had of him, viz., that he was a nice quiet old sobersides, not an effervescent salesman, but none the less enjoying his little jokes—the figures (almost

satirical sometimes) he knew so well how to organise in a lively manner, and the *caprices*—those drawings and paintings in which he allows his imagination to wander freely among non-existent buildings or in rearranging well-known views, as when he brought down the horses from San Marco and set them up on stone columns in front. All this, and a great deal more, is brought out in a fine production printed in Italy and published in English by Heinemann, with text by Vittorio Moschini, a bibliography which

colour plates are absolutely faithful to the originals—they are good to very good, but some are far from perfect as anyone can see for himself by comparing, say, the colour reproduction of the lovely National Gallery "Stonecutters' Yard" with the original—we always refer to it by that name because we have always been especially enchanted by the detail of the foreground which makes us think of Vermeer of Delft; its proper title is "S. Maria Della Carità from S. Vitale," which is accurate enough but gives no hint

of the special magic we, in this country, associate with it. Logical and erudite Italian critics will detect in this last paragraph the vestigial remnants of a cosy Victorian sentimentality and will be able to prove that the English leopard cannot change his spots.

I doubt whether everyone who follows carefully Signor Moschini's closely reasoned analysis of Canaletto's stylistic progress will be able wholly to agree with him in what he says about the painter's debt to his predecessors, particularly his debt to the excellent but surely somewhat pedestrian Carlevarij. No man can avoid being influenced to some degree

by the immediate past—neither Rembrandt nor Goya, for example—but it seems a trifle far fetched, I would suggest, to speak of a picture as being "animated by figures still arranged in the manner of Carlevarij, as for instance picturesque beggars standing side by side with bewigged noblemen." Canaletto only had to set foot outside his door to observe just this phenomenon and he would scarcely require the blessing of the older man to transfer the evidence of his own eyes to paper or canvas; he had a mind of his own. Nor, though I have read it over and over again, am I quite sure what is meant by this sentence: "While keeping up his interest in the factual content, Canaletto is here addressing himself to the more personal aspect of pictorial representation and reaches highly fantastic solutions to problems of style." If this is intended to convey to us that Canaletto set down what he saw but eliminated what was immaterial, he was doing no more than any other painter; but to add that he reached a "fantastic" solution, implies that he was the reverse of the clear-sighted, subtle recorder of the passing scene that we know. Again, the following quotation seems a ludicrously extravagant description of one of the lively paintings of the annual Regatta.

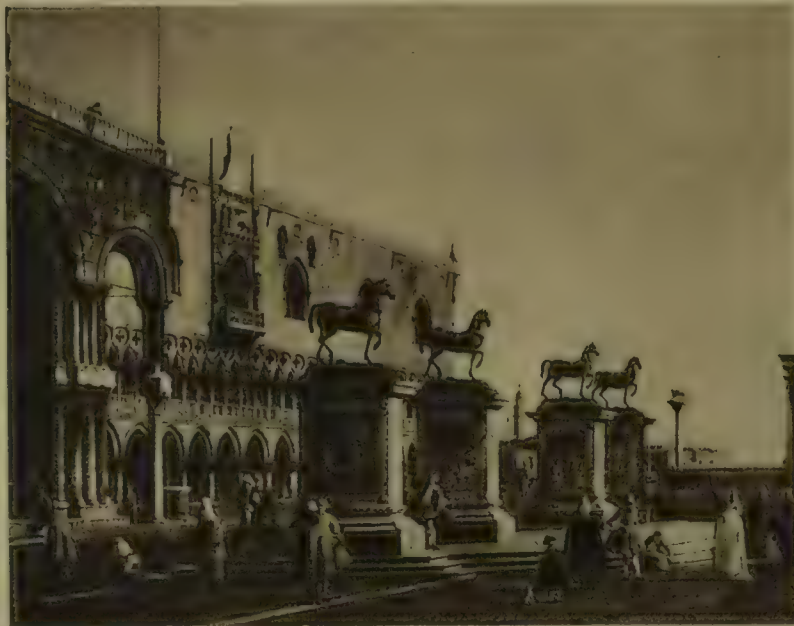
"This 'Regatta,' is little short of a tremendous stylistic *capriccio*, which without changing the general outline of the scene, transforms it internally. It seems to be the work of a new perspective maniac, so great is the insistence on perspective, while the constructive manipulation of the brush is carried to the utmost limits and ends in a stylistic cypher. The quick succession of foreshortening effects in the buildings of which no detail is omitted, and in the line of parallel gondolas, the magic virtuosity by which clots and drops of colour become faces and figures as clear in their minute particulars as a background by Carpaccio, and the rugged tones from green to purple and wine-red are all aspects of a hallucinated fantasy striving after something truer than truth." This to me is just nonsense.

However, it is not fair to pick out isolated sentences and confess my own lack of comprehension as if that made them incomprehensible to everyone else. As part of the same series, others on Guardi, Canaletto's successor as the interpreter of Venice, on Giorgione and on Titian are in preparation. Another, on the enchanting Sienese painter, Simone Martini, has

apparently already been published. Much care has been taken with the selection of both paintings, drawings and etchings, but—an extraordinary omission—no indication is given as to relative sizes. The reader is left to make his own guesses.



A PANORAMA OF VENICE FROM THE "MOTTA DI SANT' ANTONIO," CASTELLO (DRAWING).  
(Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen from the Royal Library, Windsor Castle.)



"CAPRICE: THE HORSES OF ST. MARK'S." IN THIS PICTURE CANALETTO HAS  
"BROUGHT DOWN THE HORSES FROM SAN MARCO AND SET THEM UP ON STONE  
COLUMNS IN FRONT."

(Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen from the Royal Collection, Windsor Castle.)



"CAPRICE: A TERRACE" (DRAWING).

(From the Kupferstichkabinett, Berlin.)

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Canaletto"; by courtesy of the publisher, William Heinemann.

enumerates 218 books, and articles beginning with the year 1733, 278 excellent monochrome illustrations, 26 colour plates, and biographical notes year by year, the latter providing all the known and documented facts. I am afraid I disagree with the claim that "the



## HIGH ON THE MAGALIESBERG MOUNTAINS: ORNITHOLOGISTS RINGING CAPE VULTURES.



WHERE A SLIP MAY MEAN DEATH: MEMBERS OF THE WITWATERSRAND BIRD CLUB CRAWLING ALONG A NARROW LEDGE, HIGH UP IN THE MAGALIESBERG MOUNTAINS, TO REACH THE NEST OF A CAPE VULTURE.



AT THE NEST: AN ADULT CAPE VULTURE WITH ITS YOUNG. THE BIRDS BREED ON THE HIGHEST LEDGES; EACH NEST CONTAINS ONE EGG.



THE END OF THE CLIMB: MEMBERS OF THE WITWATERSRAND BIRD CLUB REACH THE VULTURE'S NEST AND RING THE ADULT BIRD AS WELL AS THE CHICK.



WITH A RING BEARING A SERIAL NUMBER AND THE WORDS "ZOO, PRETORIA," ON ITS LEG: A YOUNG BIRD WHICH HAD JUST BEEN Banded.



USING A STICK TO PROTECT HIS ARM FROM THE BIRD'S POWERFUL BEAK: AN ORNITHOLOGIST PLACING A RING ROUND THE VULTURE'S LEG.

The Magaliesberg Mountains, in the centre of the Transvaal in South Africa, are one of the great breeding sites of the Cape Vulture, a bird closely related to the Griffon Vulture. With its Dodo-like beak it is typical of the "man in the street's" idea of a vulture. These birds breed on the highest ledges and make their nests of clumps of grass hollowed into shallow cups and reinforced with sticks. The nest contains a single egg. Members of the Witwatersrand Bird Club climb up to narrow ledges, where a slip may mean death, in an endeavour to ring the baby vultures. Apart from the dangers of the climb there is the risk of attack from an adult vulture. Usually these birds fly away when human beings approach, but they sometimes swoop upon an intruder if he should be standing against the skyline. During the last few years the Witwatersrand Bird Club have banded nearly 10,000 birds in the Magaliesberg area and in other parts of the Transvaal. The bands, which are fixed round the legs of the young birds, are very light, so as not to cause the bird discomfort, and they are inscribed with a serial number and the words "Zoo, Pretoria." The serial numbers are recorded on a

card index with the species of bird, sex, age, date and the place where it was banded. When these rings are eventually returned to the Pretoria Zoo the finder is informed of when and where the birds were ringed. The number is recorded as "recovered", with a note of the time and place, so that when sufficient returns have been made of a particular species of bird valuable data have been collected about its activities, distances travelled, and so on. These investigations are not only of academic value, but they can be of considerable economic importance as well, as, for instance, in determining whether the vultures are responsible for reported damage to sheep flocks in the Karroo. At the time at which our information was sent from South Africa only one Cape Vulture had been recovered, and that had been killed by an African near Bulawayo, several hundred miles away.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### ELEPHANTS IN GENTLER MOOD.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IF you turn to an encyclopædia or a work by any other authority, you will almost certainly meet the categorical statement that there is no courtship found among mammals. A few authors are less certain about this and content themselves with the remark that there is little courtship in mammals. One writer, in a book published in recent years, manages to satisfy both views by stating in his early chapters that there is none, and in a later chapter admitting there is a little evidence for it.

There are, however, several detailed accounts of such courtship. The hedgehog, for example, has a courtship lasting several hours and comprising a very definite and formal ceremonial. Most of the accounts of this are in German and one is in Danish, but since an English translation of the latter was published soon after the original version, admittedly in a Danish scientific journal, it is somewhat surprising that so little is known of this phenomenon here. There has also been published a very full description of a prolonged and formalised courtship ceremonial in the wild rabbit; and there are other accounts of pre-nuptial behaviour in hares, squirrels, badgers, and wolves, to quote merely a few more, which seem to line up with the others.

There is another extreme view, that courtship is a purely human affair. This view is certainly upheld by the original connotation of the word. If, however, we can use the word "courtship" for the pre-mating ceremonial behaviour of birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, spiders and mollusca, then it is surely illogical to suppose that the mammals, the class to which human beings are scientifically allocated, should be exceptional. Rather, it would seem that we are speaking from ignorance and that when we say there is no courtship among mammals we mean we know very little about it. This much is suggested by the fact that only recently has there been an authoritative description of a courtship between elephants. It has been given us by Major W. E. Poles, M.C. and is contained in the current number of *Oryx*, the journal of the Fauna Preservation Society.

It is not always easy to say when a human courtship begins and it is reasonable to suppose that the initial approaches in elephants are equally difficult to detect. One thing Major Poles makes clear, however, is that the climax is marked by an activity that has more the appearance of bullying than of love-making. The two elephants face each other with outstretched ears. Then they advance until the tusks interlock. They take hold of each other's trunks and strain one against the other as in a tug-of-war. In this, the cow appears to be roughly pushed and pulled, but whether she is actually maltreated only she can know. Her subsequent behaviour makes it improbable. Certainly, after a spell of this she disengages and moves away. The bull follows closely, taking her tail in his trunk, pressing the side of his head against her quarters. Later, he releases the tail and passes his trunk over her neck to grasp the base of the opposite ear.

It may be argued that this is a poor show to be compared with the elaborate displays of birds, of which we have had so many detailed accounts in recent years. Yet there is the same suggestion of formality, if not of exhibitionism, for after the consummation, the cow and the bull elephants face each other at a distance of

some ten yards, then extend their trunks horizontally towards each other and advance until the tips meet. With hardly a pause, each then raises the trunk upwards and backwards over the head in the form of an S, in

a formal but definite salute. This position they hold for about half a minute before separating.

Those who make a special study of their behaviour are reluctant to admit that animals show affection in the human sense. The extreme lay view to which I have referred earlier sets human courtship apart from anything seen in the animal world because there is so much affection accompanying it. Here, it seems to me, the knowledge of the elephants' behaviour tends to bridge the gap between the two.

It is claimed, and with reasonable justification, that if we range all the known animals in order from the simplest to the most specialised, then we can trace a fairly unbroken series, showing all gradations in anatomy—from the simple one-celled organism to the lord of creation. Our current scientific theory is, indeed, founded upon the acceptance of some such generalisation as this. Assuming such a gradation in bodily structure, it seems inescapable that a parallel gradation in behaviour should also emerge. Elephants, for all their ancient history, are classified high in the

scale for bodily structure. They are also rated high for mental attainments, and those who know them best do not hesitate to credit them with wisdom, even with the ability for simple reasoning. In 1922, Dr. William T. Hornaday, then Director of the New York Zoological Society, tried to assess their mental qualities from his experience of elephants in zoos, in the wild and under domestication in India. He placed them fourth, after man, the chimpanzee and the orang. He went so far as to rate them higher than chimpanzees in their ability to think things out, and he supported this opinion with cogent reasons. It is arguable that we can add to this a capacity for affectionate behaviour.

The elephant's trunk is a versatile organ, highly sensitive, capable of feats of strength as well as delicate operations. It is also used for expressing affection, so far as we can see, in its truest sense. Major Poles comments: "I am sure everyone who has studied elephants, either wild or domesticated, can have no doubt that these highly intelligent animals form strong attachments and deeply-rooted friendships between either sex and all ages." There are many stories of affection shown by the cow to her calf, but these are to be expected, and the channel for this display of affection is so often through the trunk. Cow elephants show their attachment for each other by putting small offerings of food into the other's mouth. It is common for the bull to caress the cow, the two standing side by side with trunks entwined. From the frequency of these things it is not stretching imagination too far to see in the bull putting his trunk round the cow's neck or ear a gesture of real affection.

Finally, the argument can be clinched by such episodes as the following. In elephants it is the female that "does the courting." She is a coquette or a flirt, capable of pressing her attentions on the unwilling male. Major Poles describes such an incident in which the male vigorously rebuffed the flirtatious female and following this he "walked close behind, frequently caressing her back and neck with his trunk as, with the rest of the herd in front, they marched steadily through the grass towards the distant water," apparently expressing disinterested though real affection.



EVEN IN THEIR LOVE-MAKING, ELEPHANTS' INTER-PLAY WITH THEIR TRUNKS IS VIGOROUS AND HAS AN APPEARANCE OF WRESTLING OR BULLYING. ELEPHANTS ARE RANKED HIGH IN INTELLIGENCE AND APPEAR ALSO TO BE CAPABLE OF SOME DEGREE OF REAL AFFECTION. THIS IS EXPRESSED THROUGH THE TRUNK AND MAY BE LINKED WITH A COURTSHIP LEADING TO MATING OR MAY BE INDEPENDENT OF IT. IN THE COURTSHIP, THE CLIMAX IS HERALDED BY THE COW AND THE BULL LOCKING TUSKS AND GRASPING EACH OTHER BY THE TRUNK.



SITTING DOWN TO EAT: AN ELEPHANT REACHING UP WITH ITS TRUNK FOR A SUCCULENT MORSEL. THE ELEPHANT'S TRUNK IS VERY VERSATILE AND HIGHLY SENSITIVE; IT IS CAPABLE OF FEATS OF GREAT STRENGTH AS WELL AS DELICATE OPERATIONS, AND ITS LENGTH CAN ENABLE ITS OWNER TO PROCURE FOOD WITHOUT BOTHERING TO STAND UP, AS CAN BE SEEN IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH.

Photographs by E. Hubert, reproduced by courtesy of l'Institut des Parcs Nationaux du Congo Belge.



# PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: SOME PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



## DEATH OF A LABOUR PEER : LORD CALVERLEY.

Lord Calverley, formerly the Right Honourable George Muff, died at his home near Leeds on September 20, aged seventy-eight. A founder of the Young Liberal Movement, he joined the Labour Party after the First World War, and entered Parliament as Labour M.P. for East Hull in 1929.



## A LEADING ENGRAVER DIES : MR. STEPHEN GOODEN.

Well known for his book illustrations, in particular for Aesop's and La Fontaine's "Fables," and for his book-plate designs, Mr. Stephen Gooden, R.A., died at his home in Buckinghamshire on September 21, aged sixty-two. He designed the book plates for the Royal Library at Windsor, and that for H.M. the Queen. He also designed the George Medal.



## DEATH OF A GREAT SWEDISH SCULPTOR : HR. CARL MILLES.

One of the most widely acclaimed sculptors of our time, Carl Milles, who died at Stockholm on September 19, at the age of eighty, had developed a highly individual style in which he combined a brilliant architectural sense with clever monumentality and fantasy. There are many public monuments and portrait models by him in Sweden.



## APPOINTED AMBASSADOR AT MONTEVIDEO : SIR KEITH JOPSON.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Sir Keith Jopson, now Ambassador at Bogota, to be Ambassador at Montevideo. Sir Keith, who is fifty-six, has held a number of Consular appointments in the United States, and has also served in Buenos Aires and Helsinki, and was Senior U.K. Trade Commissioner in Canada from 1948-53.



## THE DEATH OF MR. W. C. NISBETT, LATELY MANAGING DIRECTOR OF ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.

Illustrated Newspapers and The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., have suffered a sad loss in the death, on September 20, of Mr. W. C. Nisbett, who was managing director of Illustrated Newspapers from 1946 until his retirement in June 1954. Mr. Nisbett was seventy-eight.



## A COLONIAL ARCHBISHOP IN LONDON : DR. ALAN KNIGHT.

At a Press Conference in London on September 20, the Archbishop of the West Indies, Dr. Alan Knight, outlined some of the difficulties encountered by the Church in those colonies in view of the changing economic and political pattern which, he said, the Church had few resources to meet. Dr. Knight has been Archbishop since 1950.



## TAKEN ILL FROM A HEART ATTACK AFTER RETURNING FROM A FISHING TRIP IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS : PRESIDENT DWIGHT EISENHOWER.

Within a few hours of returning from a fishing trip, President Eisenhower was taken ill at Denver, Colorado, on September 24, and was removed to the FitzSimons Army Hospital near by, where he was placed in an oxygen tent. It was subsequently revealed that the President has mild coronary thrombosis. Later bulletins reported that he was getting on well and that there were no complications. Both Mrs. Eisenhower and their son, Major John Eisenhower, were soon present at the President's bedside. Messages of sympathy and hopes for his recovery have been sent from all parts of the world. (Photograph by Karsh of Ottawa.)



## ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE U.N. GENERAL ASSEMBLY : SEÑOR JOSE MAZA.

At the first session, on September 20, of the tenth General Assembly of the United Nations, Señor Jose Maza, leader of the Chilean Delegation, was elected President. It was the first time that a candidate has been returned unopposed. He is sixty-six, and a prominent Liberal politician in Chile.



## APPOINTED GOVERNOR AND C-IN-C, CYPRUS : SIR JOHN HARDING.

The Colonial Office announced, on September 25, that Field Marshal Sir John Harding, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Cyprus, because of the need for "concerted action in the island to maintain law and order." Sir John, who is fifty-nine, is expected to leave for Cyprus very shortly.



## ARRIVING AT DOWNING STREET FOR A CABINET MEETING : MR. MACMILLAN.

With the publication on September 23 of the Government White Paper on the disappearance of the former Foreign Office officials, Burgess and Maclean, it was announced that the matter will be debated in the House of Commons soon after Parliament reassembles. The Foreign Secretary, Mr. Macmillan, has already assumed sole responsibility for the affair, and will doubtless be called upon to answer many searching questions.



## MARRIED IN VENICE : PRINCESS VIRGINIA IRA FUERSTENBERG AND PRINCE ALPHONSE MAXIMILIAN HOHENLOHE-LANGENBERG.

The marriage took place in Venice on September 21 of Princess Virginia Ira Fuerstenberg, aged fifteen, and Prince Alphonse Maximilian Hohenlohe-Langenberg, who is thirty-one. The Princess arrived at the church in a gondola propelled by colourful attendants. The ceremony and the subsequent reception were attended by guests representing scores of the most ancient and noble families of Central Europe. The first part of the young couple's honeymoon was spent at Sirmione, in Northern Italy.

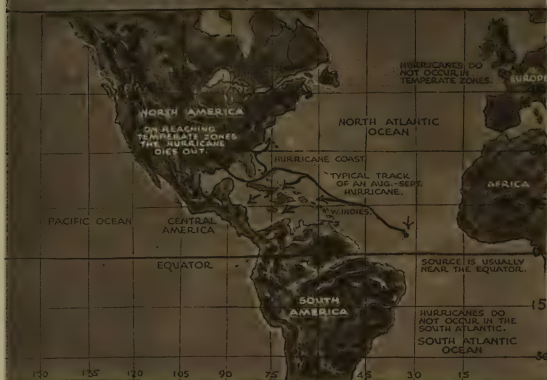


## LEAVING CYPRUS : THE PRESENT GOVERNOR, SIR ROBERT ARMITAGE, WITH HIS WIFE.

With the appointment of Sir John Harding, Sir Robert Armitage, who has been Governor of Cyprus since 1953, leaves the island to become Governor of Nyasaland as from next March. Sir Robert, who is forty-eight, entered the Colonial Service in 1929, and after working in Kenya, he held various appointments in the Gold Coast, latterly those of Financial Secretary and, from 1951-53, Minister of Finance.



IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD THESE TROPICAL REVOLVING STORMS ARE KNOWN BY DIFFERENT NAMES. IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC THEY ARE CALLED HURRICANES, IN THE INDIAN OCEAN THEY ARE CYCLONES, IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN, CHINA AND JAPAN SEAS, TYPHOONS, AND IN THE PHILIPPINES BAGUIDS.



#### HOW A HURRICANE IS FORMED.

GREATEST HEIGHT REACHED IS APPROXIMATELY 8 MILES.

BUT IF THE TEMPERATURE OF THE AIR ABOVE THE HURRICANE IS LOWER THAN THAT OF THE RISING BUBBLES OF HOT-HUMID AIR, THE BUBBLE CONTINUES TO RISE AND A HURRICANE IS PRODUCED.

AS THE MOIST WARM AIR BUBBLE RISES THE ROTATION OF THE EARTH PRODUCES A CIRCULAR MOVEMENT AND AS THE SPIRAL OF HOT AIR RAPIDLY ASCENDS THERE IS A TREMENDOUS INRUSH OF COOLER AIR TO DISPLACE IT, WHICH PRODUCES A GREAT GALE (OR HURRICANE) OF WIND NEAR ITS BASE.

A BUBBLE OF AIR WARMER THAN THE SURROUNDING ATMOSPHERE RISES, COOLING AS IT ASCENDS, SHOULD IT REACH AIR EQUALLYING ITS OWN TEMPERATURE AT A FAIRLY LOW LEVEL THERE IS NO RESULTING DISTURBANCE.

BUBBLE OF VERY WARM AIR.

BEING SPIRAL OF HOT AIR.

GREAT INRUSH OF COOLER AIR.

THE VORTIC AREA CAUSED BY THE ROTATION OF THE HURRICANE.



THE STORM TAKES A CIRCULAR FORM CAUSED BY THE ROTATION OF THE EARTH. THERE IS USUALLY A DANGEROUS AREA SO-CALLED BECAUSE A SHIP CAUGHT IN IT, MAY BE BLOWN TOWARDS THE PATH OF THE VORTIC.



THE WORST HURRICANE EVER IN THE ATLANTIC OCCURRED IN AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1917. THE HURRICANE HURRICANE A SECOND PERIOD OF VERY HOT WEATHER, WITH CONSIDERABLE HUMIDITY TENDS TO PRODUCE THESE DISTURBANCES.



AN ELABORATE SYSTEM HAS BEEN DEvised FOR REPORTING THE FORMATION AND MOVEMENT OF THESE TROPICAL REVOLVING STORMS.

THE INTENSITY OF THE BURSH OF COOLER AIR INCREASES WITH THE SPEED OF THE ASCENT OF HOT BUBBLE, SO THAT CIRCULAR WINDS OF UP TO 100 MILES PER HOUR MAY BE PRODUCED, CAUSING DISASTER ON LAND AND SEA.

APPROACHING HURRICANE.

WEATHER SHIP REPORTING.

AIRCRAFT REPORTING.

ALL SHIPS IN ITS VICINITY REPORTING.

METEOROLOGICAL AIRCRAFT SENT OUT TO TRACK THE HURRICANE.

ON SHORE, METEOROLOGICAL STATIONS RECEIVE THE REPORTS AND WATCH AREAS THAT MAY BE IN THE TRACK OF THE HURRICANE.

#### HURRICANES—SOURCE OF THE EASTERN UNITED STATES' WORST FLOODS OF THE CENTURY:

This year's hot summer in the northern half of the Atlantic has led to a series of disastrous hurricanes and to a great toll of death and destruction on the eastern seaboard of the United States. Each year hurricanes are given girls' names as code names in alphabetical order, and in early August "Connie" killed 42 people and caused damage in South Carolina to the value of about \$10,000,000 and was followed by torrential rainstorms in New York. On August 17 "Diane" hit the U.S. mainland, and the terrific rainstorms which followed in its train led to the worst floods of the century in the northeast States of the U.S. in which some 200 people were killed, the worst-affected States being Connecticut, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Rhode Island. Three other hurricanes,

"Edith," "Flora" and "Gladya," were reported between August 29 and September 5, but all these faded out. On September 19 two hurricanes were reported; the first, "Hilda," moved towards Tampico, in Mexico, killing twelve persons and rendering 20,000 homeless; the second, "Iona," was described as stronger and bigger than either "Connie" or "Diane," and it struck the North Carolina coast with 100-m.p.h. winds, doing great damage, especially in the small township of Morehead City, and the State Weather Bureau described the disaster as the worst for thirty-three years. On September 20 the hurricane was reported to be veering out to sea, away from New York. Hurricanes are revolving storms of tropical origin; and similar storms occur in various parts of the world. In the

Drawn by our SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH

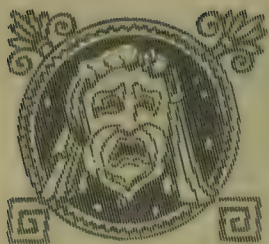
#### WHAT THEY ARE, THEIR ORIGIN AND DESTRUCTIVE PROGRESS, DIAGRAMMATICALLY EXPLAINED.

North Atlantic they are called hurricanes; in the Indian Ocean cyclones; in the Pacific Ocean typhoons, and in the Philippines baguids—and they have other names. They are caused by the formation of a bubble of very warm, moist air which rapidly rises. If this warm bubble soon meets a layer of air of equal heat it ceases to rise and little disturbance is caused. But if it continues to rise through cooler air—and sometimes such bubbles may rise thousands of feet, even to eight miles up—it naturally draws in at its base an increasing inrush of air in replacement. The quicker the bubble rises and the greater the height, the greater the inrush of air, causing wind-speeds of up to 100 miles on the ground. The rotation of the earth causes this wind to take a circular form. This circular storm

THE CO-OPERATION OF THE METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE.

or hurricane is at first of small size and may have a diameter of about five miles only, but as it moves—comparatively slowly, at about ten knots—it grows in size and may eventually have a diameter of something like 800 miles. Hurricanes generally start in the North Atlantic near the Equator, but never actually on it or south of it; and the worst hurricanes usually occur in August after a long period of hot weather. On September 22 the hurricane "Janet" struck the Windward Islands and did an immense amount of damage, particularly in Barbados and Grenada. Exact numbers of those killed were not known at the time of writing, but they were believed to reach about thirty in Barbados and fifty in Grenada, and thousands were homeless.





# THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

## EDINBURGH AND ELSEWHERE.

By ALAN DENT.



THERE may have been some heroes and heroines who saw each and every one of the "300-odd films from thirty-eight different countries" which were exhibited in the course of the three weeks of the Edinburgh Festival of the Arts. There were certainly a few people around in the course of the third week who looked as though they meant to, or would die in the attempt.

This is—without really very much exaggeration—the kind of festive fare which the thoughtful uncles and aunts who arrange these courses provide for their seemingly insatiable children. You take a twopenny tram-ride from Princes Street to a quite comfortable little cinema in a somewhat comfortless part of the city, and from 3 p.m. till tea-time and beyond you are regaled culturally somewhat as follows:—"3 p.m. 'The Life-History of the Wood-Weevil' (Bolivia). 3.14 p.m. 'Plob: A Neglected Genius and his Art' (Yugoslavia). 3.50 p.m. 'How Nickel is Refined' (Canada). 4.20 p.m. 'Ugetup Ugoawai' (Japan), this last main or feature film being intimately concerned with a bizarre affair between a prince and a beggar-maid, who discover—after eloping for 6000 miles, and for three hours in the middle of the twelfth century—that they are really a beggar and a princess."

Personally, I could conceivably care more! I could care much more, in fact, for the whole festival—I mean solely, of course, with regard

story, but the little story there is—a business about a little laundress being turned into a consummate cabaret-dancer through the tact and cuteness of a manager who sees to it that she remains more or less true to her original humble sweetheart—is told with the greatest verve and exhilaration. It works up to a

### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



GEORDIE (BILL TRAVERS) AND JEAN (NORAH GORSEN) AMID THE LOVELY HIGHLAND SCENERY IN "GEORDIE" (BRITISH LION).

Mr. Dent writes: "Infinitely the most cheering and charming thing in the past fortnight has been the lovely Highland scenery in the film called 'Geordie.' This dwarfs all the actors who, in fact, can only be said to get in the way of these heathery hills and ferny glens and bonny burns and romantic lochs. It might even be an idea for the next Edinburgh Festival—'Geordie,' strangely enough, did not appear at Edinburgh this year—to prepare a film showing the beauties of the Scottish Highlands with some glimpses of its wild life. 'Geordie' gives us hardly anything of the latter excepting a golden eagle hovering round its nest."

climax of orgiastic can-can, just as John Houston's "Moulin Rouge" worked down from one. In the last quarter-of-an-hour, as row after row of frantically pretty girls advance upon the onlooker to those sparkling strains of ineludible Offenbach, he has the exact impression—and it is an extremely pleasant one—of lying on a sunny shore at a very early age and letting the warm waves wash over him in endless and exquisite succession.

When one comes to look into it, the Scottish one, "Geordie," has hardly any story either. Geordie is a wee boy, much chaffed about being wee for his age, who determines

to take a professional body-builder's advice and so develops into an athlete, pretty big for any age, who reaches the culmination of his earthly hopes in winning the hammer-throwing contest at the Olympic Games at Melbourne next year. This culmination is described on the screen at the beginning as "a wee peep into the future," and there is, in fact, a good deal of dwelling on the word "wee" in this picture and on a type of humour which the Scots hate to be described as "pawky," though it deserves no other appellation.

Geordie as a wee boy loves Jean, a wee lassie who lives "ower the glen," and Jean loves Geordie. And one day when they are locating a golden eagle's nest, Geordie says:—"Jean, you're braw!" and Jean replies:—"You're braw, too, Geordie!" Whereupon I desist from the film for a minute or so and go into the foyer to buy a cigar. When Geordie grows up to be a great big man, he still loves Jean, and she still loves him. But when he has gone all the way to Australia, all by himself, a Danish lady-athlete kisses him publicly when, after a bad start, he wins his big event, and the kiss is duly described on the radio and

heard all over the Highland glen at "hame." The result is that when Geordie comes marching home there is no pipe-band to meet him at the station, and no Jean, and even Mr. Macrimmon the carrier seems grumpily unwilling to give him a lift. However, Geordie has had the sense to buy a nice new hat in Melbourne for Jean, and when he finds her sulking down by the river she is, at sight of the hat, in his arms again in no time, after a bleak interchange of the simple word "Hello," which is the only perfectly natural and likely bit of dialogue in the whole film.

Speaking as a Scottish-born critic who likes a considerable amount of salt in his porridge, I cannot pretend to lap up a film which is exactly like a plate of porridge sweetened not so much with sugar as with golden syrup. Furthermore, I cannot express unqualified approval of a script so undistinguished and which gives such lamentably few opportunities not only to Alastair Sim as a laird, but also to some of the most delightful players in Scotland—Duncan Macrae and Molly Urquhart, Stanley Baxter and Jack Radcliffe—who get hardly a chance to give so much as a hint of their quality. The lovers are played prettily in infancy by Paul Young and Anna Ferguson, and passably as adults by Bill Travers and Norah Gersen. Mr. Travers reminds me of a larch-tree in spring—tall, stalwart, bristling, fresh, wooden, and green.

With all their respective faults of frivolity and over-sweetness, I think these two films would have considerably improved the Edinburgh Festival. On the afternoon I best remember there, I saw a sodden business about wood-pulp, a macabre account of Hans



THIS FILM GIVES "SUCH LAMENTABLY FEW OPPORTUNITIES NOT ONLY TO ALASTAIR SIM AS A LAIRD, BUT ALSO TO SOME OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL PLAYERS IN SCOTLAND": "GEORDIE," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH THE LOCAL LAIRD (ALASTAIR SIM) IS ANGRY WITH GEORDIE (BILL TRAVERS), WHO ONLY JUST MISSED HIM WITH THE HAMMER WHICH HE WAS ATTEMPTING TO THROW. (LONDON PREMIERE: SEPTEMBER 2, PLAZA.)

to the film side of it—if it had far less of the aspect of an overcrowded showcase, and if it did not give an unfortunate impression that a cosmopolitan horde of film-directors from all over the wide world were concentrating on Edinburgh as the single spot in that wide world which could be counted upon as being hospitable enough to unwind and display their little films once, or even twice, for the edification of an audience reduced by a crammed course of over-viewing into a state of apathetic acceptance.

There may be reasons beyond my ken or concern why two of the lightest and least pretentious of recent films—"Geordie" and "French Can-Can"—should not have come any nearer the Edinburgh Festival than Glasgow and London respectively. But it does seem a pity, whatever the cause of their absence may have been. It can hardly be that the Edinburgh Film Festival is so anxious to be international that it can overlook Messrs. Gilliat and Launder's "Geordie" as being too Scottish for such a scheme, or that it is so anxious to be earnest that it can resist M. Jean Renoir's absolutely unclouded gaiety in "French Can-Can." Yet that, again, is the unfortunate impression given.

The French one, incidentally, is much the better of these two uninvited guests. It has hardly any



"IT HAS HARDLY ANY STORY, BUT THE LITTLE STORY THERE IS . . . IS TOLD WITH THE GREATEST VERVE AND EXHILARATION": "FRENCH CAN-CAN," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE GAY FRENCH FILM WHICH TELLS A VIVID STORY OF FRENCH SHOW BUSINESS IN THE NAUGHTY 'NINETIES. IT IS DIRECTED BY JEAN RENOIR. (LONDON PREMIERE: AUGUST 25, CAMEO-POLYTECHNIC.)

Andersen's unrequitable love for Jenny Lind, and "Children of Hiroshima," which is a remarkable and deeply moving account of how a Japanese school-teacher revisited the ruins of the city from which by chance she had been absent on the day of doom. Let me promise the courteous Edinburgh committee never again to write about their Festival unless it bucks and cheers itself up considerably.



## COMMERCIAL TELEVISION'S INAUGURATION, AND ABERDEEN'S GRANITE HEART.



THE OPENING OF COMMERCIAL TELEVISION IN GREAT BRITAIN: THE INAUGURAL BANQUET IN GUILDHALL, WITH THE CAMERA FOCUSING ON SIR KENNETH CLARK (SPEAKING).

Commercial television began on the evening of September 22, fourteen months after the Royal Assent was given to the Television Act, 1954. The inaugural programmes were produced by Associated-Rediffusion Ltd., and Associated Broadcasting Company; and reception in an area varying from fifty to seventy miles

from the I.T.A. transmitter at Croydon was reported generally good. After a five-minute documentary film of London, the cameras turned to Guildhall to report the I.T.A. banquet. Here the speakers were Sir Kenneth Clark, the chairman of I.T.A., Dr. Charles Hill, the Postmaster-General, and the Lord Mayor of London.



LOOKING INTO THE GRANITE HEART OF THE "GRANITE CITY": AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE RUBISLAW QUARRY, SURROUNDED BY THE SUBURBS OF ABERDEEN.

This striking and unusual photograph shows the famous Rubislaw Granite Quarry, bordered by Aberdeen's Queen's Road and closely surrounded by the houses of the "Granite City's" western suburbs. This deep

cavity has been worked for nearly 200 years and from its depths has come stone for London Bridge and some of the Thames docks and many other buildings near and far.





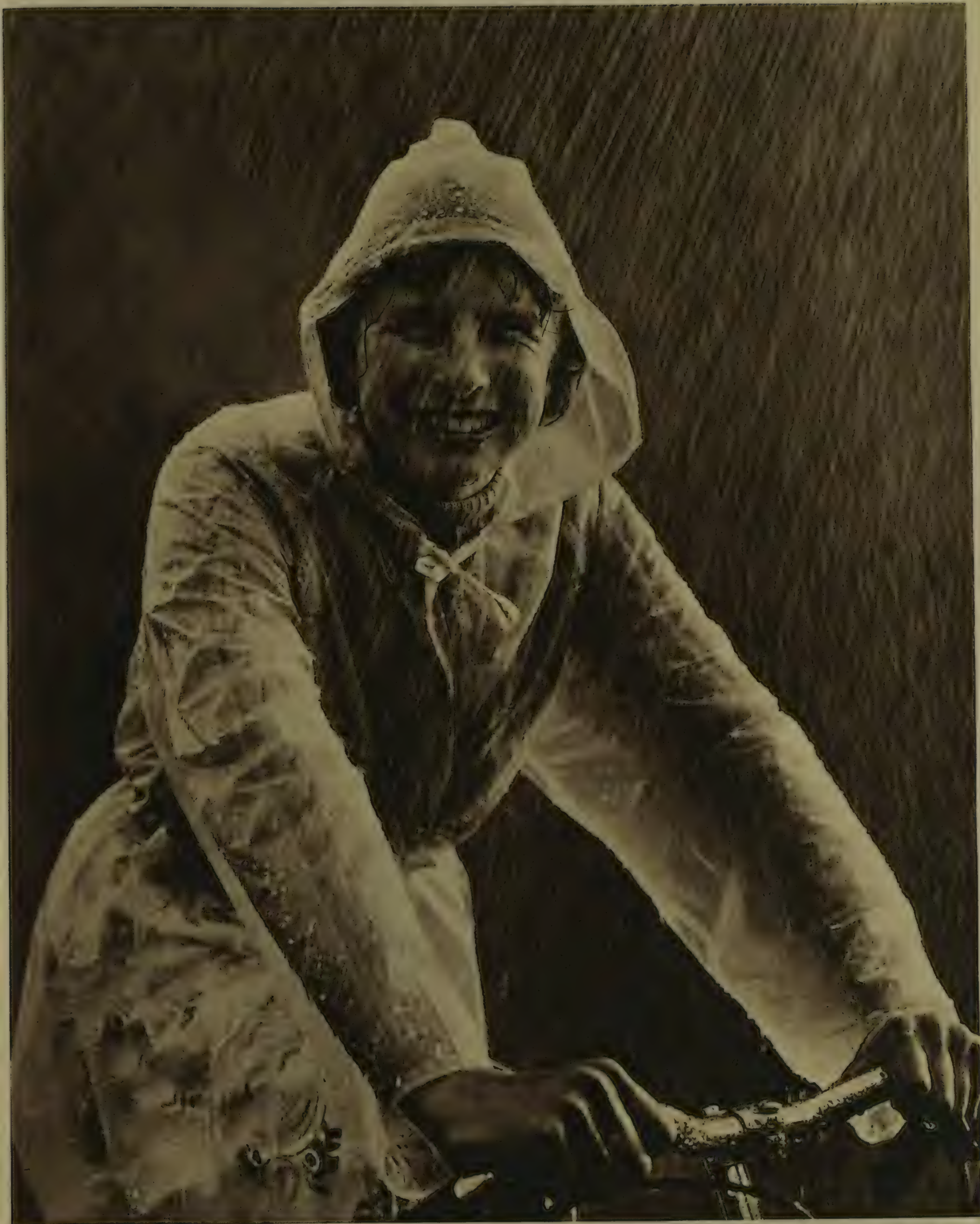
THE EAST—THROUGH WESTERN EYES: "TEMPLE DANCER, JAPAN," BY DERRICK V. KNIGHT, F.R.P.S., OF THE SHELL PHOTOGRAPHIC UNIT, A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE CURRENT R.P.S. EXHIBITION.

The Autumn Pictorial Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society—from which the photographs reproduced on these two pages were selected—opened on September 23 at the Society's premises at 16, Princes Gate, Kensington, where they will remain on exhibition (from Mondays to Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 7 p.m.)

until October 29. On November 19, the majority of the exhibition moves to the Harris Art Gallery, Preston, where it will be open to the public until December 10. The full exhibition comprises 552 items in five sections: monochrome prints, monochrome transparencies, colour prints, colour transparencies, and stereoscopic

(Continued opposite.)





THE WEST—THROUGH EASTERN EYES: "APRIL SHOWERS," BY DR. S. D. JOUHAR, F.R.P.S., F.S.P.A., THE WELL-KNOWN PAKISTANI PHOTOGRAPHER, WHO LIVES IN LONDON—AT THE R.P.S. EXHIBITION.

*Continued.*

prints and transparencies in monochrome and colour. The exhibition this year is confined to pictorial photography; and amateurs of photography may well enjoy the opportunity to compare the photographs on view with those exhibited by the London Salon at the R.W.S. Galleries (which remain open until October 8). The remarkably high standard of the R.P.S. is fully maintained in this excellent

exhibition—in which the photographs have been selected from a very large number submitted to the judges, and in which those chosen are drawn from no fewer than twenty-five countries, as far apart as Pondicherry and Alaska, or Hungary and New Zealand. The exhibition includes no examples of natural history photography, as a separate exhibition confined to such subjects is to be held later in the year.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## WAITING AND WAITING.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THERE we sat, in the front row at the Criterion Theatre, almost touching the stage. Up yonder, a few feet from us, the entertainment called "Waiting for Godot" wound sinuously through two hours. It stopped, but it need not have done. It could have gone on through the nights and days, Hugh Burden meditating gravely, Peter Woodthorpe crinkling that tired, wry face, an eminent dramatist on my left hand accepting the business with a serene twinkle, and a not so eminent playgoer on my right hand shamelessly and deeply asleep.

What is one to say? This is a piece in which almost anything can happen, in any order. One of our most endeared actresses, asked for a cookery-book recipe, suggested "Thespian Stew" into which you throw anything that you happen to have by you in the pantry. Pepper and salt, and there you are. It seemed to me to be the recipe for "Waiting for Godot." Nothing would have disturbed the pattern. The dramatist next to me remembered that he had lent a sword-stick to one of the actors. It would have been easy to have climbed upon the stage, greeted his friend, and had a word or so about it. A sword-stick, more or less, would not have mattered in this ample sack of a play.

I shall be told, no doubt, that I am sacrilegious, that the piece is the work of a fine mind coping with the immensities. I am sure that the author, Samuel Beckett, has a delightful mind—though his sense of humour can be juvenile—but I would not go farther. Although it was tempting to detect symbolism, I never felt that we were in touch with the immensities. Perhaps it was the theatre. There are horses for courses, and the Arts (its original London home) is certainly the course for this play which derives from Paris (Mr. Beckett, once James Joyce's secretary, is an Irishman who preferred to write by Seine than by Liffey). The Criterion, on the other hand, suggests mirth. Agreed, I have seen Ibsen there, the darker Ibsen; but, speaking generally, the charming, compact bandbox is designed for the frivols of life. There had been an intimate revue in the theatre for well over a year. Maybe that was why I could not help thinking of "Waiting for Godot" as an exceptionally long sketch for a highbrow revue that might well run on for ever.

Before anyone says that the theme is time, space and eternity, I had better suggest at once that the play is often very funny. These tramps, in their wandering flow of talk, can take us down some profitable channels. Always we get back to the stage of the Criterion Theatre and to such a remark as "This is getting really insignificant," which leads me to believe that Mr. Beckett was not altogether dourly purposeful when he settled down at his writing-desk. Somewhere a voice murmurs, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?" The Hatter and the Hare, the Walrus and the Carpenter, and other Carroll couples, might (I hazard) have had a useful few minutes with the Beckett tramps.

These tramps are waiting for Godot (identity unexplained). There are strange moments when a small boy comes as a messenger from Godot. On the second occasion I was moved without knowing why. It was one of the only firm memories I brought away from the piece—that and Timothy Bateson's monstrous Joycean monologue. Mr. Bateson is a chalk-faced, intensely dejected, broken clown of a slave; he limps round with a rope about his neck. The rope is held by a well-fed bully of excessive blood-pressure, a man called Pozzo. They arrive twice. On the second occasion Pozzo is blind.

But one remembers the first occasion when, for the pleasure of the party, the slave Lucky is ordered to think. There is a noise like machinery, long rusted, that grinds slowly into action. Something seems of a



"A MUSICAL PLAY SET ON THE CÔTE D'AZUR . . . IT TRIES VERY HARD, AND SALLY ANN HOWES HAS BECOME A PERSONAGE": "ROMANCE IN CANDLELIGHT" (PICCADILLY), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY IN WHICH ROGER DANN, AS THE DISGUISED MARQUIS DE LA CHASSE, IS INSTRUCTED IN THE ART OF LAYING A TABLE BY THE UNSUSPECTING SALLY ANN HOWES, A LADY'S MAID WHO IS PRETENDING TO BE A "LADY."

sudden to click, and with a roar Lucky is off upon a preposterous monologue, all sound and fury and mad repetition. With a clanking and a shrilling and heaving, a weight of words pours down upon us. Covered, as it were, with this mildewed bran, we sit laughing helplessly (though it ought, maybe, to sadden us). On the night I listened, the playgoer on my right slept through the first deluge, woke with a grumbled "Still at it!", and then sat with one of the most startled expressions I have observed on a human face while Lucky stammered desperately towards the peroration that never begins.

It must be startling to wake suddenly in the middle of "Godot" and to wonder what has happened to the theatre. The piece, as I say, can be funny; but I would hate to elucidate it, immediately after curtain-fall, in an hour's examination paper. Possibly I should say of it that it is poor in the essence of happiness—rich only in never-ending unrest. In it there meet a combination of antithetical elements at eternal war. Driven hither by objective influences, thither by subjective emotions, waited one moment into blazing day by mocking hope, plunged the next into the Cimmerian darkness of tangible despair, it is but a living ganglion of irreconcilable antagonisms.

A good summary, I think, though I admit (as no doubt you will have recognised) that the words are not my own, but those of Ralph Rackstraw of the *Pinafore*. "I hope I make myself clear, lady," he observed. To which Josephine replied: "Perfectly," with the aside: "His simple eloquence goes to my heart." Gilbert might have enjoyed "Godot."

Hugh Burden (always an exciting actor), Peter Woodthorpe, Timothy Bateson (Lucky) and Peter Bull (Pozzo) do as much with the business as can be done, and Peter Hall has produced with an authority that Mr. Beckett, no doubt, would applaud.

After this, the other plays of the week seemed relatively lucid, though less exhilarating. "Lucky Strike," at the Apollo, is about a cheerful widow,

owner of a factory, who runs the place as she would run her own household, caring nothing whatever for the technique of industrial management, for the hair-trigger relations between master and man, the ways of the T.U.C., the foibles of shop stewards, and all the rest of it. Ambrosine Phillpotts, who acts the part, can keep it frisking along amiably. I seemed to discern behind her the shadows of eminent comedienness of the past in a line as long as that of Banquo's show of kings. We have met the widow so often before in so many impersonations. It says something for Michael Brett, author of "Lucky Strike," that he has put her into a fresh setting, and that the piece, in its unpretentious fashion, is competent. I liked very much a small performance by Douglas Ives. He enters as one of a three-man deputation from the works, and when he steps upon the stage he brings truth with him. It is a most enviable quality. Other performances guide the piece along, and I wish that the dramatist had done more

for Jane Downs. She does a lot for him.

"Romance in Candlelight" (Piccadilly) offers violence to my memories of a charming Viennese comedy (servants in masquerade), "By Candle Light," in which Leslie Faber and Ronald Squire acted years ago. The musical version has all the charm of a room lit by two or three glaring, unshaded electric bulbs. It tries very hard, and Sally Ann Howes has become a personage; but these goings-on upon the Côte d'Azur are not calculated to raise the spirits. One waits, as ever, in hope. Here it is a long wait.



"A GENTLE LIGHT COMEDY": "LUCKY STRIKE" (APOLLO), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY IN WHICH MRS. SALESBY'S SON BEGS HER NOT TO BE TOO HASTY IN HER NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE WORKERS. (L. TO R.) HUGH WALLIS (PETER ROSSER), KEITH SALESBY (HARVEY HALLSMITH), MRS. SALESBY (AMBROSINE PHILLPOTTS), AND CATHERINE STEVENS (JANE DOWNS).

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"WAITING FOR GODOT" (Criterion).—Samuel Beckett's enigma has now come on from the Arts to Piccadilly Circus. There are the tramps and the withered tree and the slave with the rope round his neck and the Joycean monologue on his lips, and old Uncle Pozzo and all. Often very funny; sometimes tedious; usually baffling, but by no means an ordinary night in the theatre. The playgoer should be warned of what he is about to see; one trembles for a casual visitor. Hugh Burden, Peter Woodthorpe, Timothy Bateson and Peter Bull are first-rate in the main parts. (September 12.)

"LUCKY STRIKE" (Apollo).—A gentle light comedy (by Michael Brett) about one of the artificially sparkling, managing women the stage knows so well. This time she manages a factory as well as a home; and Ambrosine Phillpotts can cope with her. (September 14.)

"ROMANCE IN CANDLELIGHT" (Piccadilly).—A musical play set on the Côte d'Azur. It is eager to please, but, alas, we feel the strain. Fortunately, Sally Ann Howes is in the cast; her gifts are developing. (September 15.)

"SUPREMACY" (Crescent, Birmingham).—The late T. C. Kemp's deeply moving historical play—the theme is the dissolution of the monasteries—well acted by the amateur company that will do it early next month at the Questors', Ealing. (September 17.)



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SITTING IN THE HALL BENEATH AN AQUARIUM OF TROPICAL FISH: THREE PATIENTS WHO CAN TRIUMPH OVER THEIR DISABILITIES WITH A SMILE.



GROUP-CAPTAIN CHESHIRE TALKING WITH PATIENTS: RELIGION BROUGHT HIM TO A RECOGNITION OF SUFFERING AND TO A WAY OF ALLEVIATING IT.

Group-Captain Cheshire, V.C., was a name to conjure with during and after the Second World War. His career as a bomber-pilot became almost legendary; he witnessed the second atomic bomb explosion from an American aircraft circling over Nagasaki. When the fighting was over, Cheshire, after some indecisive floundering, found his true vocation when a man suffering from an incurable disease was admitted to Le Court, the crumbling Hampshire mansion which Cheshire had bought, to die in peace. He died, but already Cheshire's greatest adventure had begun. More incurables were admitted. He was horrified by the predicament in public institutions of young incurables whose final days were spent surrounded by the very old and dying. He set up a foundation to aid such cases, and when

the old manor house proved inadequate to accommodate them he planned a new home, finally built at a cost of £73,000, of which the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust contributed £65,000. This new home, maintained only with the help of private subscriptions and facing a constant potential deficit, shelters thirty-three patients. Admissions are confined to the age group 18-40, with no discrimination on grounds of creed or financial position. There are seven other homes founded by Cheshire to take in infectious or older cases. Those at Le Court are cared for by a qualified medical staff and many voluntary workers, who turn their hand to all manner of tasks. Cheshire's authentic story is told in "No Passing Glory," by Andrew Boyle (Collins; 16s.), to be published on October 17.



NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

NO doubt it is creditable to beat one's brains over the art of fiction, the "important" novel of the week, and the question whether this or that writer will "live." Yet there is something phony about it too: because, to start with, we can't tell what is going to live, or what, exactly, will be regarded as dead matter in fifty years' time. Meanwhile, the demand for "important" novels works as a kind of bonus on pretentiousness. Therefore, why not let up on it, and go for the one basic, undecieving virtue, which is enjoyability? "Keep Him, My Country," by Mary Durack (Constable; 13s. 6d.), provides a first-rate chance; it may or may not be read in fifty years' time, but it is a delight to read now.

Besides being a "good" book, highly informative, and—very possibly—an "important contribution to Australian writing." Of course, you will be all the fonder of it if you like the outback as such. For it is not, *au fond*, a "tender and tragic love-story," as the jacket says—nor, in the rigid sense, much of a story: though it has shape and incident, with the hero's lost love Dalgerie as a kind of background music. Really, it is a picture of his daily life and struggles on the Trafalgar run—a vast, neglected station, which was "madman's country from the word 'go.'" Rolt's grandfather, one of the pioneering "jackals" of sixty years ago, came, saw, shot up the blacks, and grabbed the whole area as an investment. But it never paid off; and "not too many" of the early settlers got out alive. As for the Grand Old Man, his sole surviving interest is to get it run on the cheap. And preferably by his flesh and blood. No other managers last out; but Dave Rolt made a job of it—till he was killed by a horse. And now Dave's son is manager. He came for two years as a stopgap; he has put in fifteen, plugging fair treatment for the land, a new deal for the blacks, and has achieved nothing. It is time to throw up the sponge. . . .

But the entire district knows he won't. It would be too bad if he did; for the Trafalgar blacks have picninnies, and its roving whites turn up again, whether he likes it or not. Besides, it would be sheer perversity if he did. Or so one can't help feeling; for though the outback seems to be almost as lonely, as uncouth, as grindingly primitive as in its pioneering age, the outback life has such charm! This is the beauty of the tale, which one can't convey. However, as in most empty lands, the atmosphere is intensely social—with a lot going on, and a lot of highly individual chat about it. Here, no one has had any corners rubbed off. The whites of Trafalgar are all "characters"—well-marked, often preposterous, yet touching; indeed, for child-like pathos, Rolt's Dalgerie can't compare with his battered little head stockman. The blacks are drawn less intimately—but still with the effect of love in knowledge that inspires the whole book.

OTHER FICTION.

"Helen Blake," by Mervyn Jones (Cape; 12s. 6d.), is rather short on appeal, and calculated (as usual with this writer) to provoke moral dissent. Also as usual, it has firmness and personality.

The heroine is a special kind of grass widow. When she was very young, in the dramatic autumn of 1940, she loved a dramatic young Spitfire pilot. But they had only a week of married life. Then Tony was shot down. To Helen, it was just as if he had died; she made a new life with the child, and hardly asked herself why there were no more letters from him. And then, in 1945, it came out; he had gone over to the Germans, because they promised to let him fly again.

His wife was not shocked. "She felt angry only at the law that put him in the same dock as the calculating traitor and the devoted fascist. But one thing was unalterable in her mind: Tony had killed himself. He had died foolishly but not ignobly. . . . She would have felt the same if he had rushed the barbed wire and been shot down by the guards."

I shan't enlarge on this view, with which the author evidently agrees. Now, Tony's eight-year sentence is nearly up. Helen is all set to get rid of him; they are not really "married," and it would be a lie to go back. But Tony doesn't know it yet. Michael knows nothing; his father is supposed to be "ill," and he is getting into a state because he can't believe it. Thus far, Helen's abhorrence of pretence has not worked overtime; and even now, she finds it impossible to blurt out the truth to the released prisoner—so childishly dependent, so naively hopeful of a fresh start. She has to run away and do it by post. And in the interval, her moral position is compromised; another, better match has come up. . . . One can't swallow the happy ending. But the conflict is remarkably good, though it may put one off.

"Love is Eternal," by Irving Stone (Collins; 15s.), turns out to be a novelized biography of Abraham Lincoln—though it centres on his marriage, and devotes its first book to the Todd family. And we are told it has a thesis. "For ninety years historians have attempted to prove that Abraham Lincoln never loved Mary Todd, that he married her out of duty and confusion, that she was a trial and a cross he had to bear. Nothing could be further from the truth—" Yet here we see her almost dragging him to the altar, and making hysterical public scenes at the White House. So we can see what the historians were getting at. . . . In short, this won't do as a romance; the Kentucky bride is a mere pretext—as time wears on, rather a ghostly pretext—for a study of the Great Man. He is a fascinating subject, of course; and he appears not only full-length, but on a dense, exhaustive background of history. All solid work—but one would rather have had it straight.

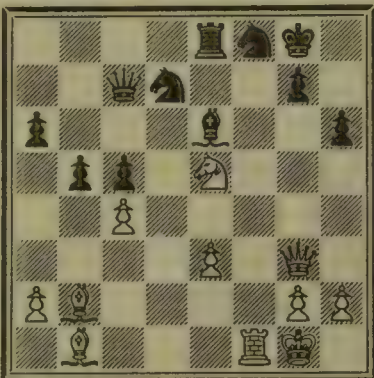
"Vanishing Point," by Patricia Wentworth (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), features a stately home, grimly kept up by an old lady at the cost of human sacrifice. Miss Crewe has enslaved a niece, who can't revolt because her little sister is ill. And at the neighbouring Dower House there has been a mystery. The daily woman—forty and unattractive, and the prop of her old parents—went out a year ago for a "breath of air," and never came back again. There is a link between the Dower House and an aircraft research station; now there are also leakages—and so Miss Silver turns up. As usual, a romantic crime-drama—with a nice seasoning of humour, and extremely well-mixed.

CHess NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

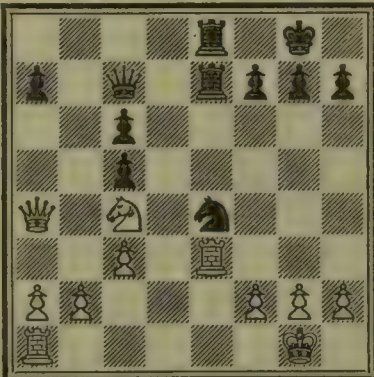
IN each diagrammed position, from games in the "Interzonal Tournament" at Gothenburg, the next move made a wonderful bang. If you are feeling mentally energetic, take pains to conceal the text below each diagram and try to find the move for yourself. If you are feeling lazy, just read the move, play and enjoy it!

KERES White	SPASSKY Black	KERES White	SPASSKY Black
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	16. P-B4	P-KR3
2. P-QB4	P-K3	17. Kt-B3	Q-B2
3. Kt-KB3	P-QK4	18. Kt-KR4	B-Q3
4. P-K3	B-K2	19. B-K11	KR-K1
5. B-Q3	B-K2	20. Q-KB2	Kt-B1
6. Castles	Castles	21. Q-K4	Kt-R4
7. P-QK4	P-Q4	22. Q-R3	Kt-B3
8. B-K2	QKt-Q2	23. Kt-Kt6	P-K4
9. Kt-B3	P-B4	24. Kt-Q5	BxKt
10. Q-K2	QPxP	25. PxP	BxKP
11. KtPxP	Q-B2	26. KtxB	B-K3
12. QR-Q1	QR-Q1	27. Q-K4	RxR
13. P-Q5	P-QR3	28. RxR	P-QK4
14. PxP	PxP	29. R-KB1	Kt(B3)-Q2?
15. Kt-KK5	Q-B3		



30. QxPch! Resigns  
What a bang! The key variation being 30. . . . KxQ; 31. Kt-Kt dis ch, K-Kt1 (forced); 32. Kt-B6ch, K-B2; 33. Kt-Q5 dis ch, etc.

UNZICKER White	FILIP Black	UNZICKER White	FILIP Black
1. P-K4	P-QB4	10. Kt-B4	Castles (K)
2. Kt-KB3	P-Q3	11. BxKt	BxB
3. B-Kt5ch	Kt-QB3	12. B-Kt5	QR-K1
4. Castles	B-Q2	13. Kt(B3)xP	KtxP
5. P-B3	Kt-B3	14. BxB	RxB
6. R-K1	P-K4	15. KtxB	PxKt
7. P-Q4	B-K2	16. Q-R4(?)	KR-K1
8. PxBP	PxP	17. R-K3	
9. QKt-Q2	Q-B2		



17. . . . . Kt-KBP! 18. KxKt  
Apparently both players are satisfied that 18. RxR loses though the analysis goes deep. It seems to me that 18. . . . QxR would have been the answer: 19. KxKt, Q-R5ch! 20. K-B1 (best), R-K5 . . . work it out!  
18. . . . . Q-B5ch  
19. R-B3 R-K7ch  
20. Resigns  
(20. . . . K-Kt; 21. RxKKt Pch!)

Wing-Commander Macmillan knows his subject backwards. He fought against Richthofen in the First War, and his description of the Red Baron is one of the best things in a book which will appeal to the schoolboy which lurks in all of us.

One of the great phenomena of our age is undoubtedly Lord Nuffield. There are still elderly dons in Oxford who can remember having their bicycles mended by bright young Bill Morris who, like so many future leaders of the British motor industry, was passionately fond of bicycle racing. Histories of big businessmen and big businesses have to be extremely well written to be readable, but in this case in "The Life of Lord Nuffield," by P. W. S. Andrews and Elizabeth Brunner (Blackwell; 25s.), the authors have achieved the rare feat of telling a fascinating story interestingly and well. The authors describe the book as a "study in enterprise and benevolence." The first gave us popular motoring, the second—the huge benefactions which Lord Nuffield has made to deserving causes—are almost without precedent in this country.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE ROYAL NAVY; AIR BIOGRAPHIES; AND LORD NUFFIELD.

AT a time when it is whispered that a certain very high-ranking officer favours the much closer integration of the three Services, and the reduction of the Royal Navy to a very subsidiary rôle—all this because of the development of thermo-nuclear warfare—it is amusing and salutary to read "Up Funnel, Down Screw!" by Commander Geoffrey Penn, R.N. (Hollis and Carter; 16s.). Their Lordships of the Admiralty have been perhaps somewhat unfairly criticised throughout the years by Naval officers with advanced views for their traditionalism, and it is true that when Berthon in 1835 produced a model of a screw propeller and sent it to the Admiralty, it was returned to him with the remark that it was "a pretty toy, which never would, and never could propel a ship." Commander Penn, while writing most amusingly on the somewhat snobbish attitude adopted towards "Plumbers,"

nevertheless has plenty to say in defence of their Lordships. Those who criticise the Admiralty for its slowness in converting her Majesty's ships of war to steam overlook certain considerations which I must say had not occurred to me. For instance, the paddles reduced a ship's broadside by half, while the boiler and engine room in the early steamer occupied nearly half the ship (exclusive of the space taken up in the storage of coal), which naturally cut down the amount of ammunition which could be carried. Moreover, the machinery was both unreliable and extremely vulnerable. How snobbish was the attitude of Victorian Naval officers towards the "Plumbers" can be judged by the correspondence which was evoked by the announcement in *The Times* at the end of 1846 that two engineers—a Mr. Baker, of the Royal Victoria and Albert yacht, and Mr. Brown, the Chief Engineer of the *Bee* steamer—were to be commissioned. One officer, who signed himself "Ward-room," wrote: "I believe I am speaking the sentiments of every officer in the Navy when I say that such a step as that proposed in *The Times* would not only give dissatisfaction, but would be prejudicial at the same time to the Service in general; I believe firmly that the engineers themselves would be against anything of the sort. They would feel themselves placed in a position they were not intended to fill—among a superior class of people altogether, and by whom, generally speaking, they would be looked down upon as out of their station in society." Still, the bulk of public opinion was on the side of the engineers and, as time went on, the engineer came increasingly to occupy the indispensable position he holds in the Navy to-day. How this came about is told with clarity and with a light and pleasing pen in a book which will be of interest outside the ranks of the Senior Service.

Another book on Naval matters which should enjoy a considerable success is "Make a Signal," by Captain Jack Broome, R.N. (Putnam; 16s.). This is largely a light-hearted book, though there are many dramatic, and some moving, instances in the making of Naval history by signal. These include the chase of the *Bismarck*, the sinking of the *Scharnhorst* and the scattering of convoy PQ17. As for the lighter touches, Captain Broome quotes all the famous ones and a large number that are less well-known. I liked the signal from H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth* meeting the Cunarder *Queen Elizabeth* for the first time in mid-Atlantic. It ran simply "Snap." Pleasant, too, was the signal made from one corvette to another in a full Atlantic gale. "Have just seen down your funnel. Fire is burning brightly." Among moving signals which he quotes is the last one made by Athens wireless station as the Germans entered the Greek capital on April 27, 1941. "Closing down for the last time, hoping for happier days. God be with you and for you," and then—silence. As an example of co-operation between enemies I like, too, the story of the escort leader of a Russian convoy who was irritated by the fact that a shadowing Blohm and Voss flying-boat flew round and round the convoy keeping low on the horizon and, of course, well out of range of the escort's guns. He told his signalman to make by lamp to the German: "You are making me dizzy, for God's sake go round the other way." The flying-boat acknowledged the signal and turned round immediately.

I saw my first aeroplane as a tiny silver speck over the Suez Canal at the end of 1916, and have always had an interest in aerial matters ever since. It was, therefore, with interest that I read "Great Airmen," by Wing-Commander Norman Macmillan (Bell; 12s. 6d.). This, in the form of personal descriptions of a score of famous flyers, in fact covers the history of flying from Wilbur and Orville Wright to the most modern test pilots such as Lieut.-Commander Lithgow and Squadron Leader Neville Duke. As I read it, it evoked many memories of childhood heroes of the First War, such as Captain Albert Ball, of Sir Geoffrey de Havilland landing the first *Moth* on a playing-field at Stowe, and the goggle-eyed envy with which we observed his sons flying this splendid machine themselves, of Sir Alan Cobham landing a seaplane on the Thames, and of that delightful man and great Spanish patriot, the late Juan de la Cierva, the man who, as Wing-Commander Macmillan says, did so much to make flying safe, but who by an irony of fate was killed in an ordinary civil airline crash in 1936.





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Tensely following every twist and brilliant manoeuvre, we onlookers too, share in our way the rigours of the game. It's a good thing that the lunch-basket contained supplies of coffee, alerting brain and nerve, fitting us to play a keenly appreciative part. So much the better that it was Nescafé. For Nescafé always ensures perfectly-made coffee, full of stimulating, roaster-fresh goodness.



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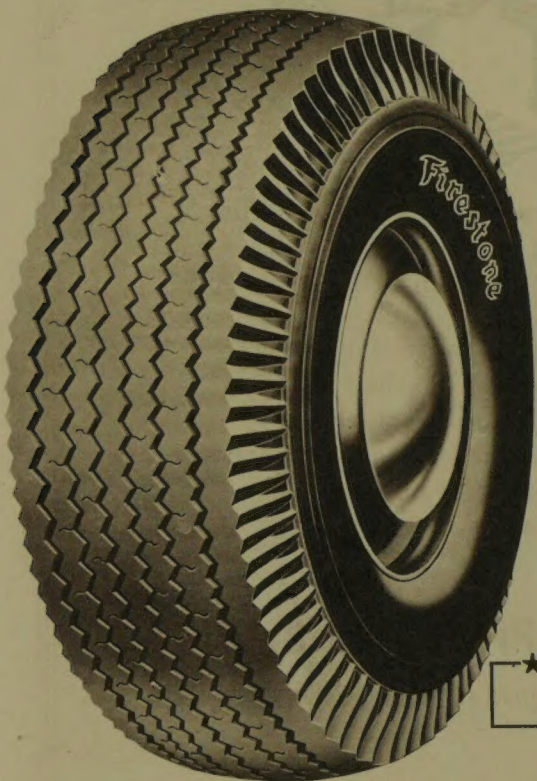
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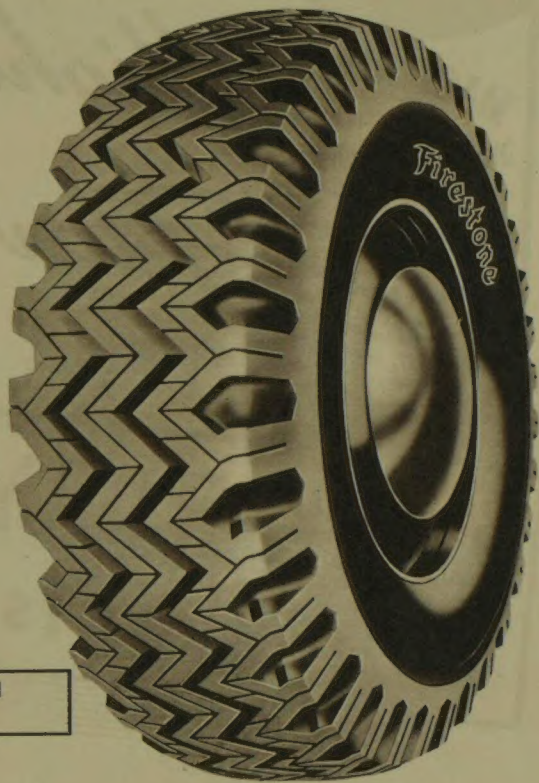
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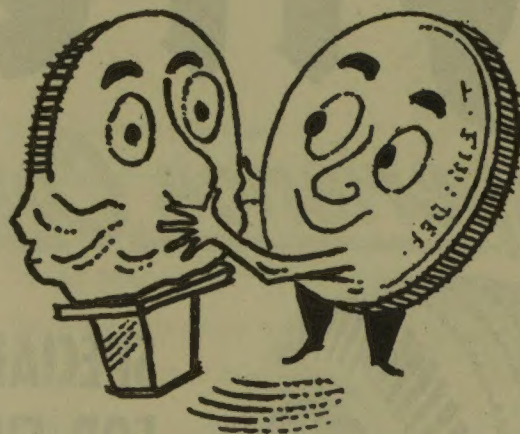
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